

March 

BLUE BOLT

10¢

DICK COLE'S body crashes into the inky blackness of the well after the killer!

Featuring:—

DICK COLE

★ BLUE BOLT
Sub-Zero MAN

★ Super-HORSE
Phantom SUB

★ Sergeant SPOOK
Runaway RONSON

And Others!

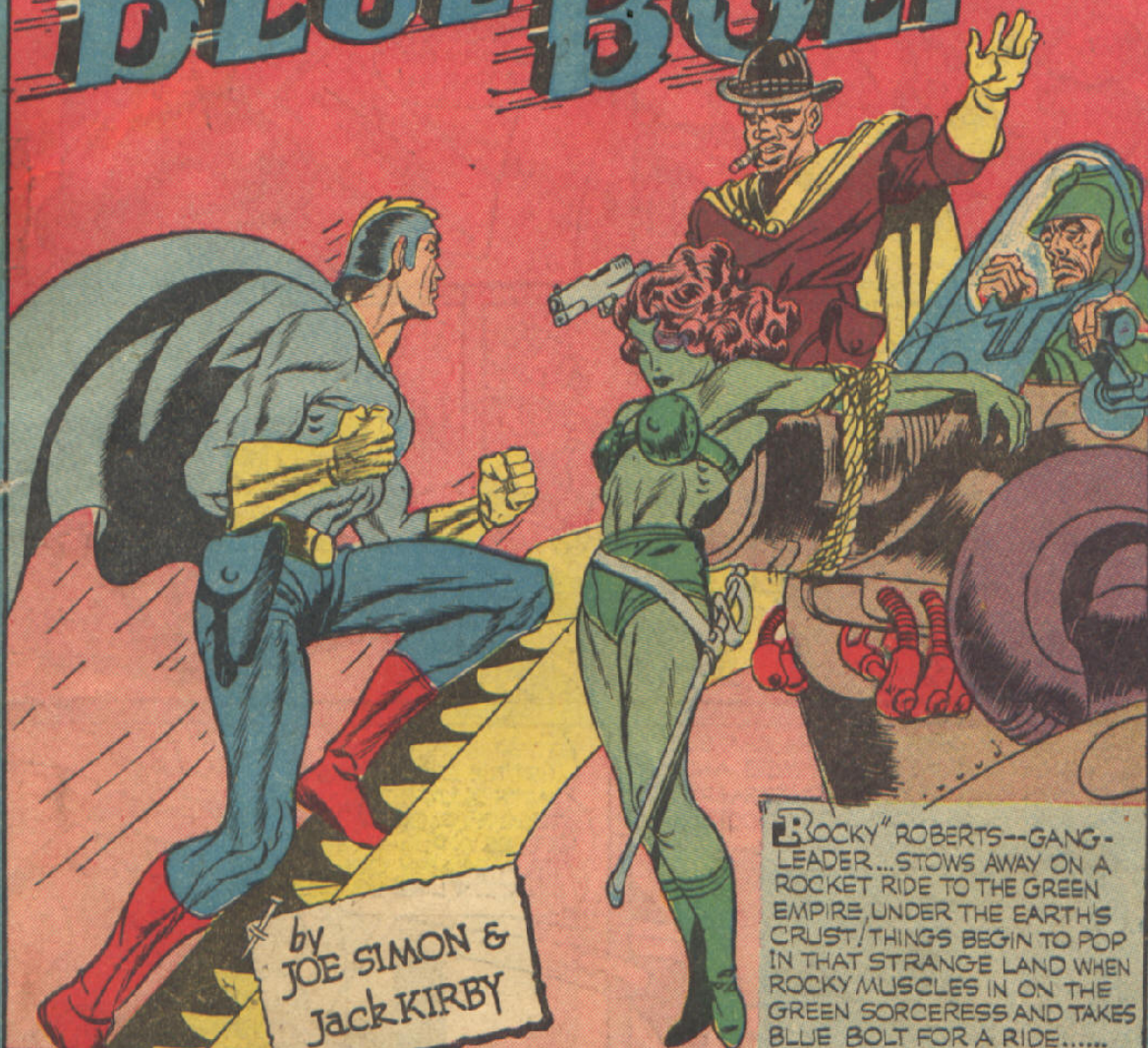
Vol. 1 No. 10

Leo Van Dell



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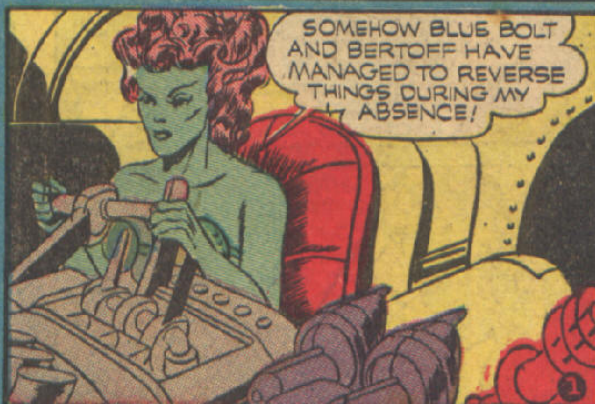
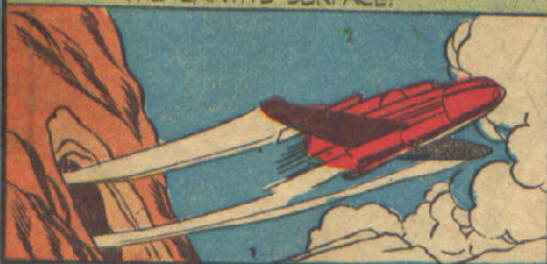
BLUE BOLT



by
JOE SIMON &
Jack KIRBY

"ROCKY" ROBERTS--GANG-LEADER...STOWS AWAY ON A ROCKET RIDE TO THE GREEN EMPIRE, UNDER THE EARTH'S CRUST! THINGS BEGIN TO POP IN THAT STRANGE LAND WHEN ROCKY MUSCLES IN ON THE GREEN SORCERESS AND TAKES BLUE BOLT FOR A RIDE.....

BARELY ESCAPING WITH HER LIFE FROM ROBERTS AND HIS GANGSTERS...WHOM SHE LEFT BATTLING BLUE BOLT IN THE SURFACE WORLD--THE SORCERESS EMERGES ONCE MORE IN HER GREEN KINGDOM BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE!



SOMEHOW BLUE BOLT AND BERTOFF HAVE MANAGED TO REVERSE THINGS DURING MY ABSENCE!

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THE NEXT TIME THOSE TWO GENTLEMEN
WILL FEEL THE FURY OF MY WRATH...
BLUE BOLT AND BERTOFF SHALL DIE!
MY ROAD TO CON-
QUEST WILL THEN
BE UNOPPOSED!

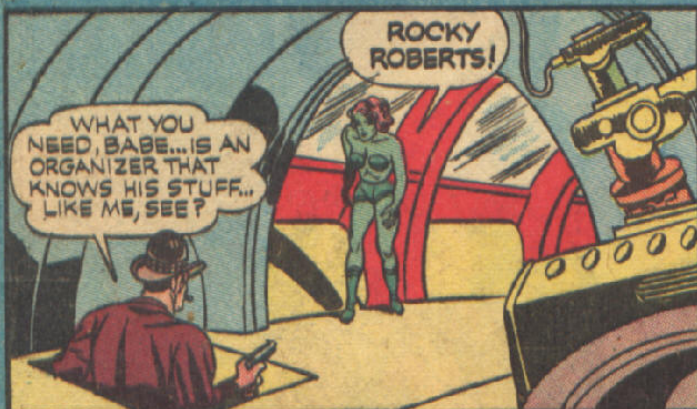


I SHALL ORGANIZE
THE GREEN ARMY INTO
A MACHINE THAT WILL
SMASH BERTOFF'S STRONG-
HOLD TO BITS, AND SWEEP
OVER BLUE BOLT'S BRO-
KEN FORCES TO
MASTERY OF
THE EARTH!



ROCKY
ROBERTS!

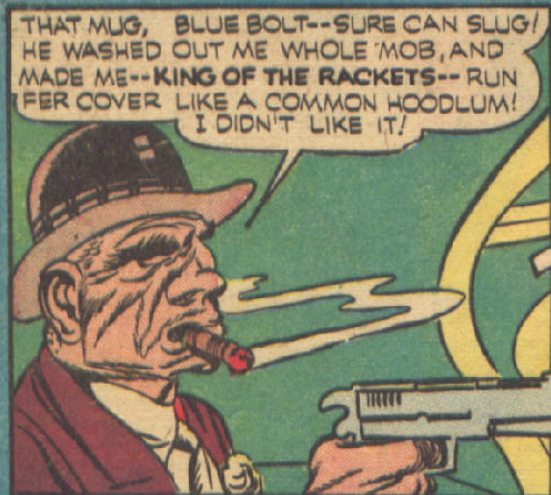
WHAT YOU
NEED, BABE...IS AN
ORGANIZER THAT
KNOWS HIS STUFF...
LIKE ME, SEE?



I GOT NO SCRUPLES ABOUT
BUMPIN' OFF DAMES...SO DON'T
TRY ANY TRICKS!
SURPRISED, EH? WELL,
I JUST MANAGED TO
REACH THIS FLYIN'
FIRECRACKER BEFORE
YA DUCKED THAT
BLUE BOLT GUY!



THAT MUG, BLUE BOLT--SURE CAN SLUG!
HE WASHED OUT ME WHOLE 'MOB, AND
MADE ME--KING OF THE RACKETS-- RUN
FER COVER LIKE A COMMON HOODLUM!
I DIDN'T LIKE IT!



WHAT D'YA SAY WE
SETTLE OUR SCORE
WITH BLUE BOLT
TOGETHER, BABY?
HE'D BE A PUSHOVER
FER A BRAINY COM-
BINATION LIKE US!

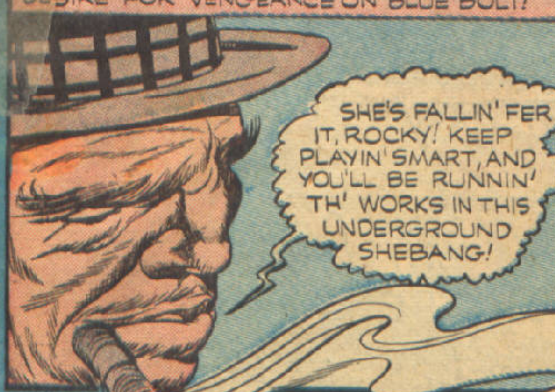


WHAT MAKES A PUNY
SURFACE SWINE LIKE
YOU THINK HE CAN
EVEN HOPE TO HARM
BLUE BOLT?

A COUPLE O'
TRICKS I GOT
STORED UP HERE,
BEAUTIFUL!



EVEN AS ROCKY ROBERTS PRESSES HIS BARGAIN WITH THE SORCERESS--HIS REAL INTENTIONS ENCOMPASS MORE THAN A DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE ON BLUE BOLT!



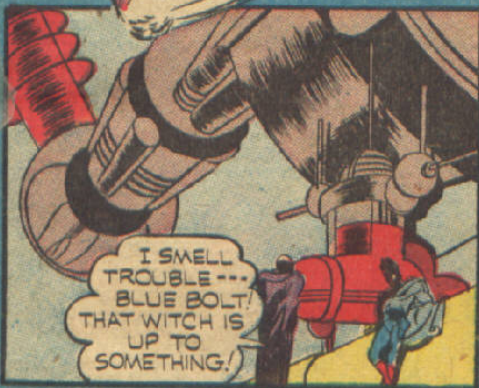
SHE'S FALLIN' FER IT, ROCKY! KEEP PLAYIN' SMART, AND YOU'LL BE RUNNIN' TH' WORKS IN THIS UNDERGROUND SHEBANG!

DAYS LATER, IN HIS LABORATORY STRONGHOLD... DOCTOR BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT INTERVIEW AN AGENT OF THEIR INTELLIGENCE STAFF...

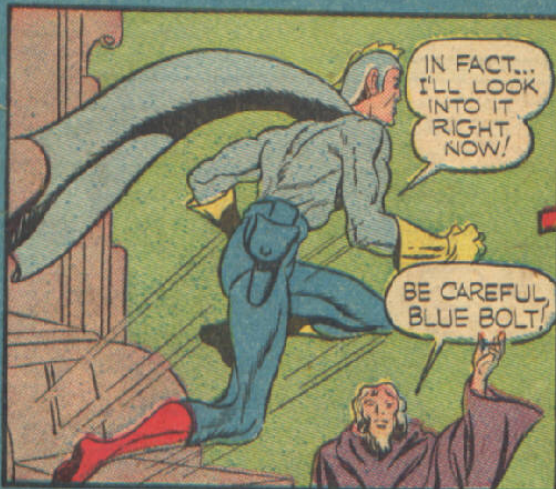
-- THE GREEN SORCERESS HAS RETURNED TO HER KINGDOM ACCOMPANIED BY A SURFACE MAN.



--AND THERE'S A SURFACE MAN INVOLVED-- BERTOFF, I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS!



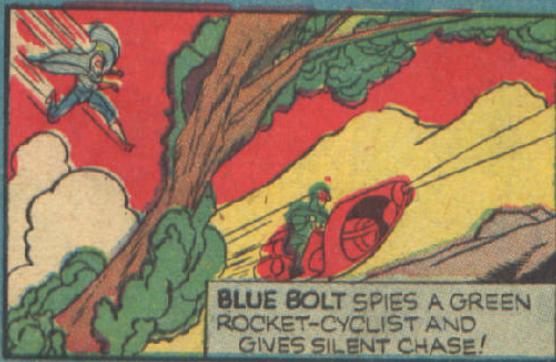
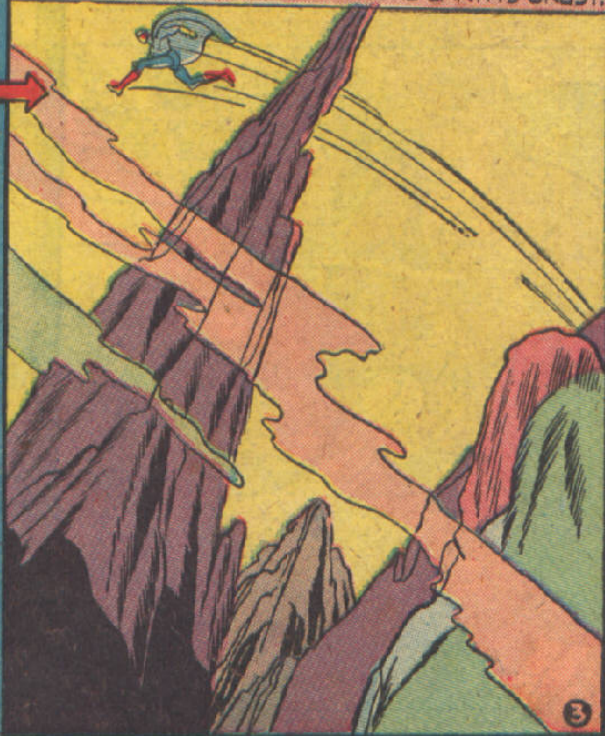
I SMELL TROUBLE--- BLUE BOLT! THAT WITCH IS UP TO SOMETHING!



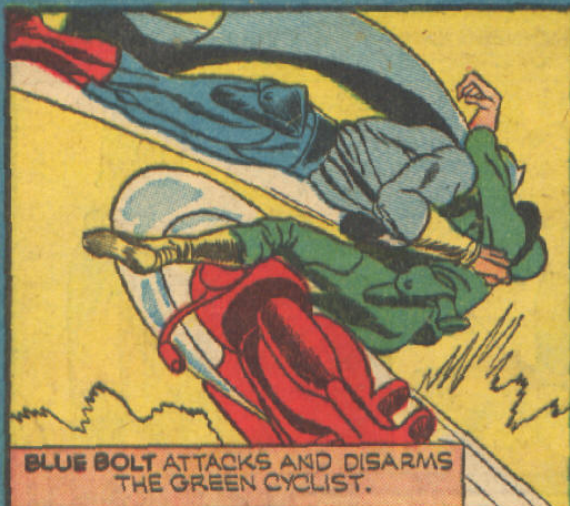
IN FACT... I'LL LOOK INTO IT RIGHT NOW!

BE CAREFUL, BLUE BOLT!

The IMMENSE DRIVING POWER OF HIS IRON-MUSCLED BODY HURLS BLUE BOLT HIGH INTO THE UPPER STRATA OF THE GREAT HOLLOW THAT IS THE WORLD BENEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST.



BLUE BOLT SPIES A GREEN ROCKET-CYCLIST AND GIVES SILENT CHASE!



BLUE BOLT ATTACKS AND DISARMS THE GREEN CYCLIST.



IF YER ONE OF BLUE BOLT'S MEN-- YER A DEAD FISH!

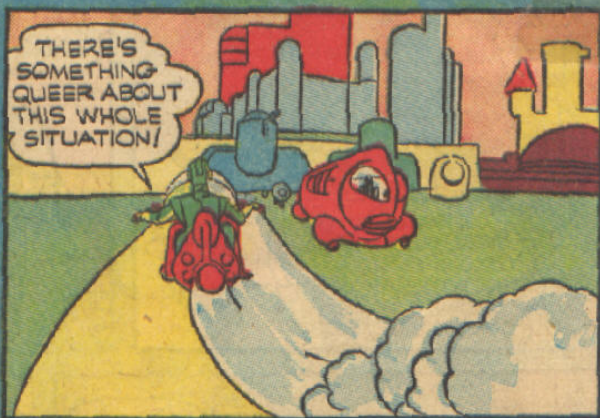
SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, PAL... BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO ORDER ONE OF THESE OUTFITS!

IS THAT SO... WHY?



I DUNNO HOW YA GOT PAST THE BORDER GUARD... BUT I DO KNOW THAT YA'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!

CONFIDENT-- AREN'T YOU?



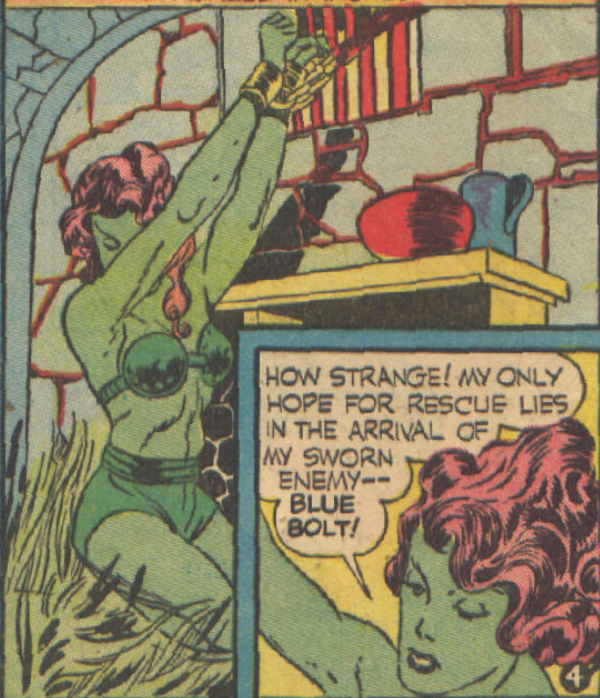
THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS WHOLE SITUATION!

BLUE BOLT WOULD BE SHOCKED IF HE KNEW HOW QUEER THE SITUATION HAS ACTUALLY BECOME---



HEH! HEH! "KING" ROCKY TH' FOIST! IF THE MOB IN BROOKLYN COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW!

---WHILE IN A DUNGEON IN THE PALACE, THE ONCE PROUD GREEN SORCERESS LIES SHACKLED IN IRONS!



HOW STRANGE! MY ONLY HOPE FOR RESCUE LIES IN THE ARRIVAL OF MY SWORN ENEMY-- BLUE BOLT!

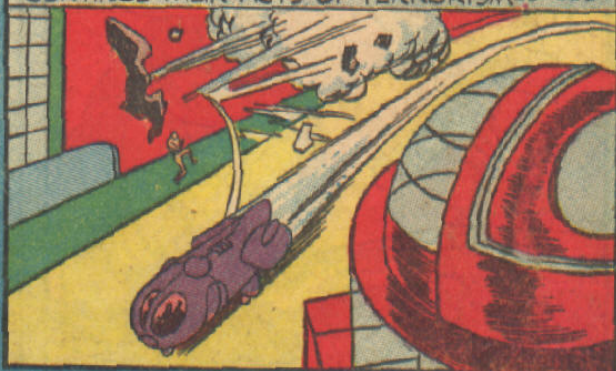
KING ROCKY INTRODUCES NEW AND STARTLING METHODS OF REPLENISHING THE COFFERS OF THE GREEN TREASURY--- METHODS THAT ARE FAMILIAR TO THE OUTRAGED CITIZENS OF THE SURFACE WORLD!



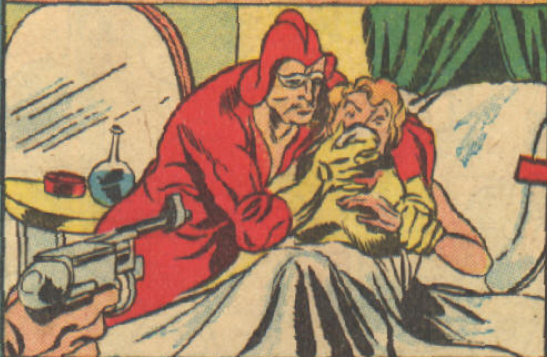
MY BUSINESS PAYS BUT LITTLE, CAPTAIN---I CANNOT AFFORD THIS PROTECTION FEE! I AM A LOYAL SUBJECT OF OUR NEW MAJESTY... BUT I'M ALREADY OVERBURDENED WITH TAXES! BESIDES, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD PAY FOR SOMETHING I'M ENTITLED TO!



CRIME RUNS RAMPANT IN THE GREEN KINGDOM AS THE BRUTAL AGENTS OF KING ROCKY CONTINUE THEIR ACTS OF TERRORISM-----



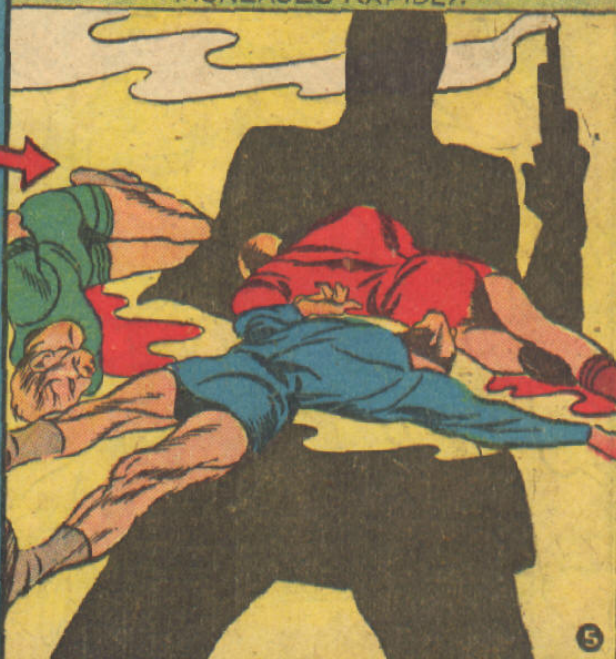
KIDNAP RANSOMS BECOME A LEGAL SOURCE OF REVENUE FOR ROBERTS' GANGSTER GOVERNMENT!



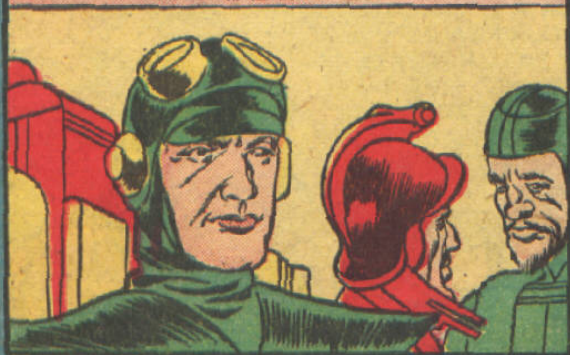
RHOSKUL--CHIEF OF ROCKY'S TORPEDOES, TAKES ENTHUSIASTIC CHARGE OF HIS GRUESOME DUTIES!



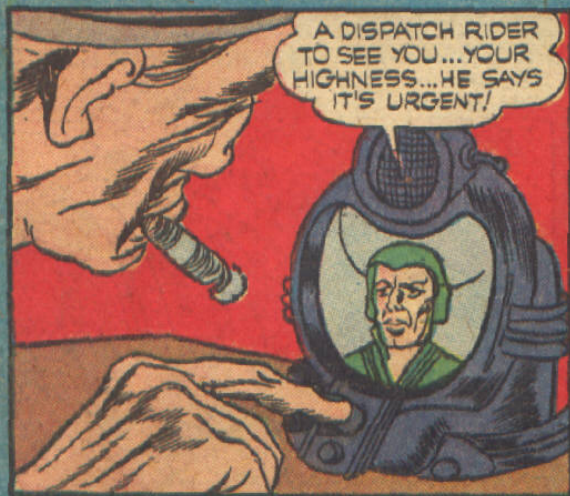
MURDERS ARE A DAILY OCCURRENCE..... INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE ROYAL RAY GUNS MOUNT, AND KING ROCKY'S FORTUNE INCREASES RAPIDLY.



BLUE BOLT, DISGUISED AS A DISPATCH RIDER, ENTERS THE GREEN KINGDOM UNCHALLENGED, MAKES HIS WAY UNNOTICED TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE---



AT THAT MOMENT KING ROCKY IS SIGNING THE GREEN SORCERESS' DEATH WARRANT....



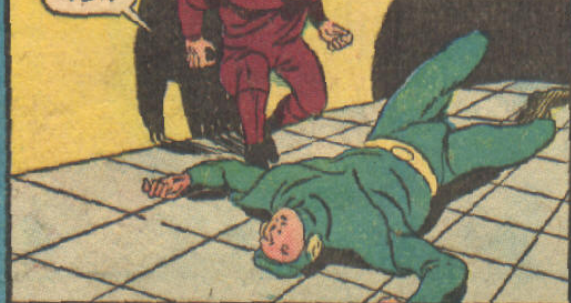
I'VE EXPECTED YA TO DROP IN, WISE GUY--AN' DON'T THINK YER MUSCLES SCARE ME ANY! WHAT D'YA WANT?

LISTEN, YOU TINHORN HOODLUM--YOU'RE COMING WITH ME...AND QUIETLY, TOO!

THAT FALSE BRAVADO WON'T HELP YOU, ROCKY! I CAN HANDLE YOUR WHOLE ARMY IF NECESSARY! YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH THE "G" MEN... THERE'S NO ROOM DOWN HERE FOR YOUR KIND!



GOT IT, DID YA? WELL... YOU AIN'T SEEN NOthin' YET!

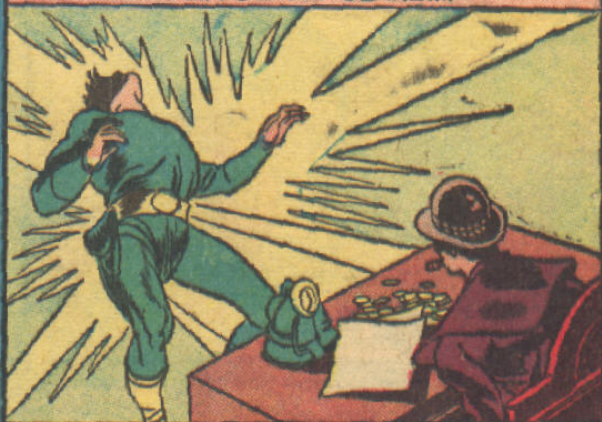


REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, MEN! KING ROCKY SAYS TO WAKE HIM GENTLY JUST BEFORE WE GIVE HIM THE WORKS!



BLUE BOLT BECOMES THE FIRST IN THIS STRANGE UNDERGROUND WORLD TO BE TAKEN FOR A RIDE.....

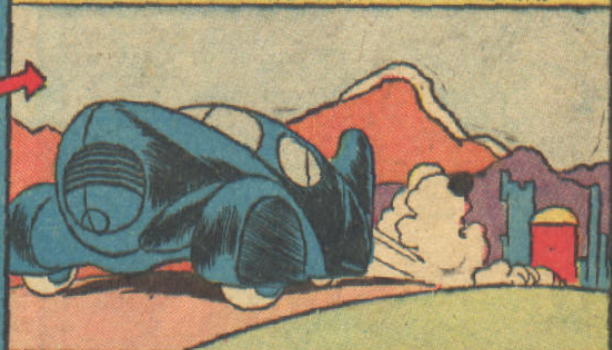
ROCKY'S FINGERS DISAPPEAR BEHIND HIS HUGE DESK--SUDDENLY TWIN-RAYS OF LIGHT LEAP AT BLUE BOLT, CATCHING HIM SQUARELY IN THEIR DEADLY GLARE....



SEND CAPTAIN FENG AND TWO MEN OF MY PERSONAL GUARD... I GOTTA LITTLE JOB FER 'EM!



LEAVING THE GREEN KINGDOM BEHIND THEM... ROCKY'S ASSASSINS STREAK PAST THE GREEN OUTSKIRTS WITH THEIR VICTIM!



BUT THE FRIGHTFUL FORCE OF ROCKY'S RAYS HAVE HAD LITTLE EFFECT ON BLUE BOLT'S SUPER-HUMAN BODY--HE SLOWLY RECOVERS FROM HIS STUNNED CONDITION...





ALL RIGHT, MEN...GET READY
FOR THE BUMP OFF...WE'RE
COMIN' TO THE SPOT!



SORRY, BOYS! I'VE
NO TIME FOR
HAZING!

CRACK!

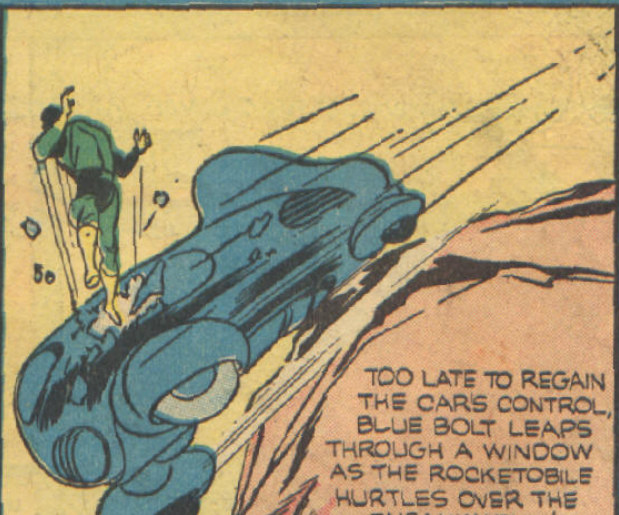
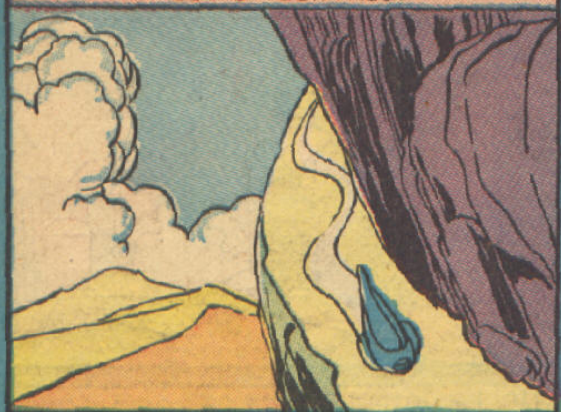


WHAT TH'--?
BLUE BOLT!
YOU WON'T GET
AWAY!

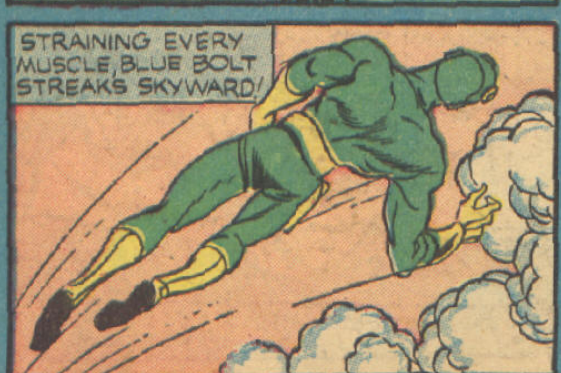
MISSED! SORRY
I CAN'T LET YOU
TRY AGAIN!



THE DRIVER, KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY
BLUE BOLT'S BLOW...SLUMPS IN HIS SEAT
AS THE ROCKETOBILE LURCHES CRAZILY
OUT OF CONTROL!



TOO LATE TO REGAIN
THE CAR'S CONTROL,
BLUE BOLT LEAPS
THROUGH A WINDOW
AS THE ROCKETOBILE
HURTLES OVER THE
EMBANKMENT!



STRAINING EVERY
MUSCLE, BLUE BOLT
STREAKS SKYWARD!

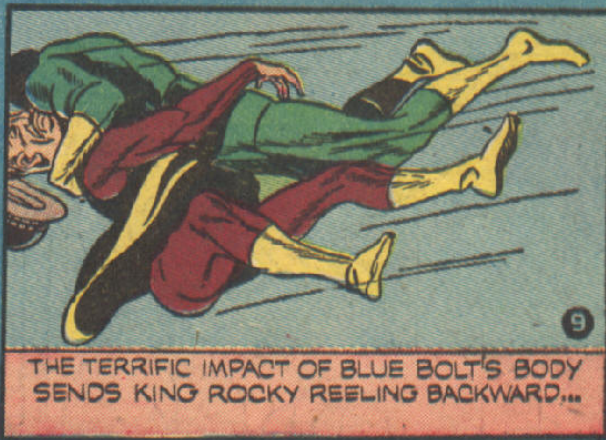
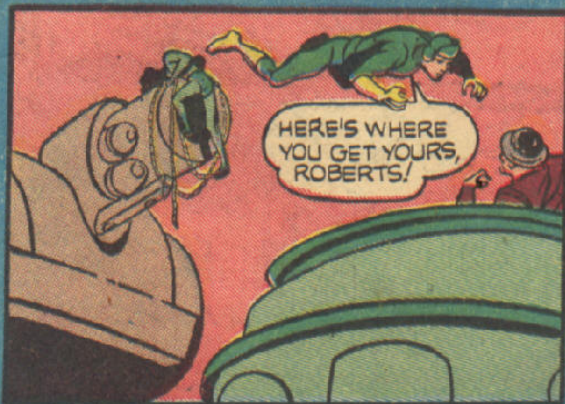
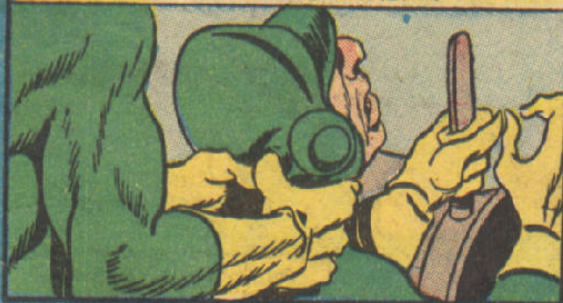


BLUE BOLT HEADS ONCE MORE FOR THE
GREEN KINGDOM--

IN THE GREEN KINGDOM, ROCKY PREPARES TO ELIMINATE HIS LAST THREAT TO THE SECURITY OF HIS THRONE...

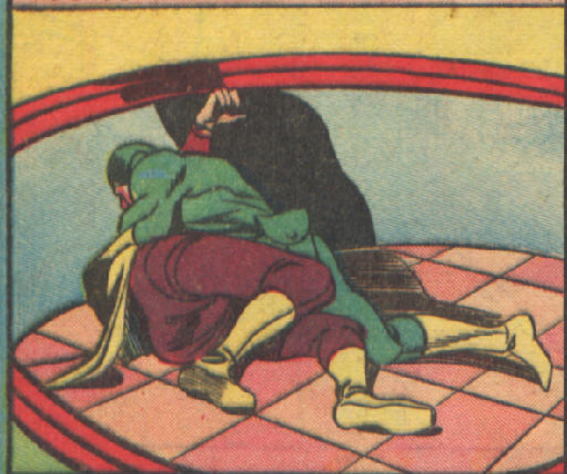


BUT THE GUNNER NEVER EXECUTES THE GANGSTER'S ORDER... POWERFUL HANDS CLOSE AROUND HIS THROAT!



THE TERRIFIC IMPACT OF BLUE BOLT'S BODY SENDS KING ROCKY REELING BACKWARD...

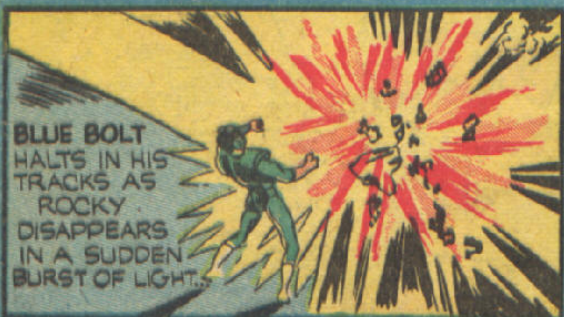
ROCKY ROBERTS STRUGGLES LIKE A
MADMAN IN BLUE BOLT'S MIGHTY GRIP...



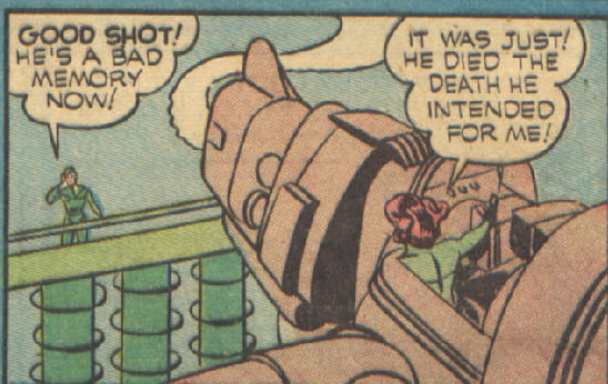
...AND SUCCEEDS IN TEARING HIMSELF FREE
FROM BLUE BOLT'S GRASP!



GUARDS! GUARDS!
IT'S BLUE BOLT!!
HELP!



BLUE BOLT
HALTS IN HIS
TRACKS AS
ROCKY
DISAPPEARS
IN A SUDDEN
BURST OF LIGHT...



GOOD SHOT!
HE'S A BAD
MEMORY
NOW!

IT WAS JUST!
HE DIED THE
DEATH HE
INTENDED
FOR ME!

REGAINING HER THRONE...THE GREEN
SORCERESS INTERVIEWS BLUE BOLT...



YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND
THRONE, BLUE BOLT/IN
RETURN I GIVE YOU YOURS!
AND ANY
WISH YOU
DESIRE!

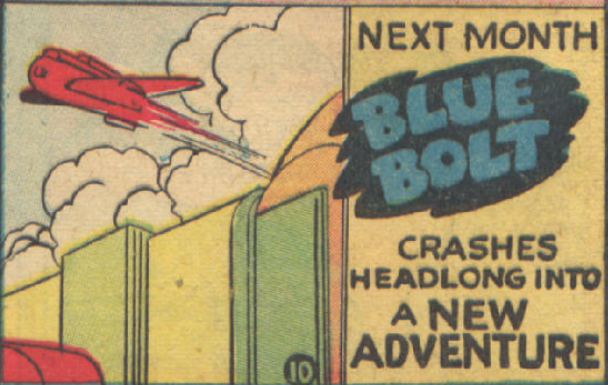


THERE IS BUT ONE
THING I DESIRE, YOUR
HIGHNESS — THE
KNOWLEDGE THAT
YOU HAVE GIVEN UP
YOUR QUEST FOR
WORLD DOMINATION.
UNTIL I AM ASSURED
OF THAT, I SHALL NEVER
CEASE MY FIGHT
AGAINST YOU

BLUE BOLT HEADS BACK TO BERTOFF'S
STRONGHOLD...



(YOUR REQUEST IS
GREAT- BUT IT IS
GRANTED YOU
MAY DEPART
UNMOLESTED
WITH THAT
ASSURANCE)



NEXT MONTH

**BLUE
BOLT**

CRASHES
HEADLONG INTO
A NEW
ADVENTURE

DICK COLLE

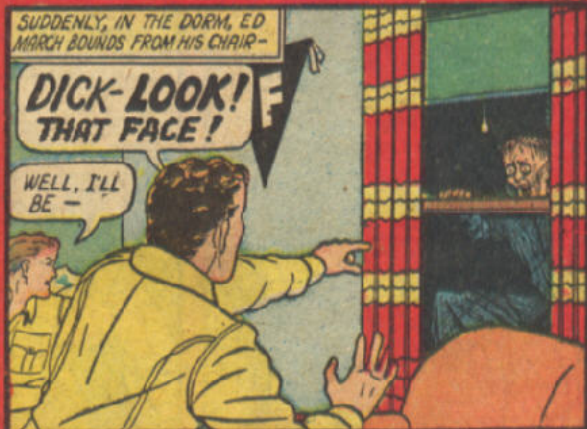
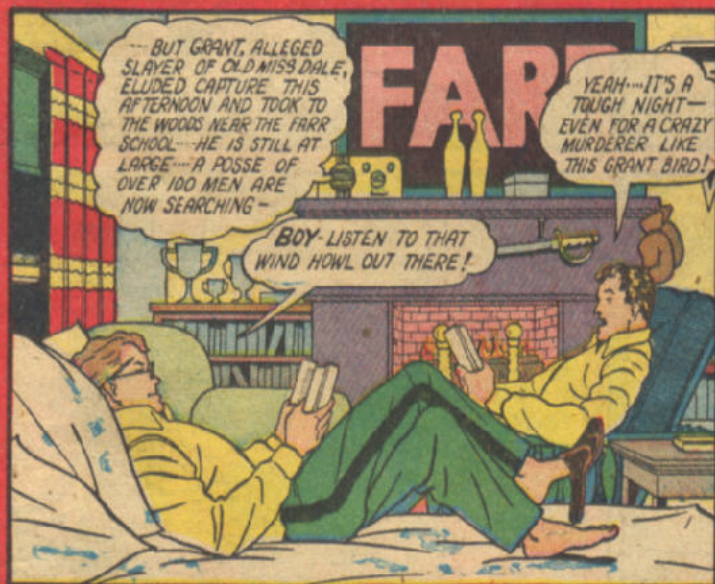
WONDER

BOY!



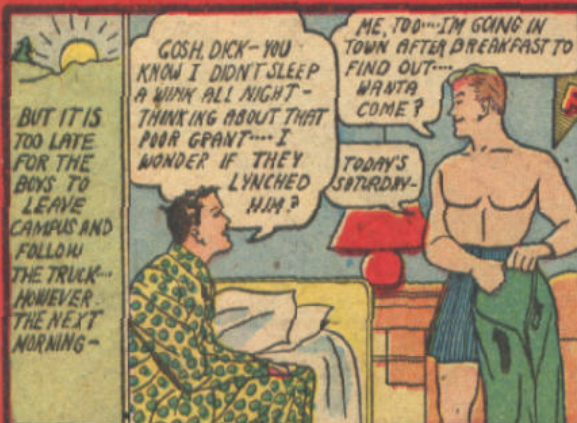
34
Bob Davis

A BLUSTERING, WINTRY NIGHT...
DICK, AND HIS ROOMMATE AT FARR
MILITARY ACADEMY, ED MARCH, ARE
IN THEIR DORMITORY ROOM, STUDYING
AND LISTENING TO RADIO REPORTS OF
A MANHUNT NOW IN PROGRESS NEAR
THE SCHOOL GROUNDS....









BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR THE BOYS TO LEAVE CAMPUS AND FOLLOW THE TRUCK... HOWEVER, THE NEXT MORNING—

GOSH, DICK—YOU KNOW I DIDN'T SLEEP A WHIM ALL NIGHT—THINKING ABOUT THAT POOR GRANT... I WONDER IF THEY LYNCHED HIM?

ME, TOO... I'M GOING IN TOWN AFTER BREAKFAST TO FIND OUT... WANTA COME?

TODAY'S SATURDAY—



WITHIN AN HOUR THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY...

WHAT MAKES THEM SO SURE GRANT DID IT ANYWAY?

THEY'RE NOT, I GUESS... IT'S JUST SUSPICION SO FAR, BUT THE MURDER BEING A BRUTAL ONE, THEY'RE RILED... C'MON—LET'S HURRY!



WELL—THEY'RE STILL AT IT!

SHOULD LYNCH GRANT THIS MORNING!

RIGHT! GET SOME ACTION!



BOY—THIS TOWN IS LIKE A POWDER KEG—LET'S EASE OVER TO THE JAIL AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!

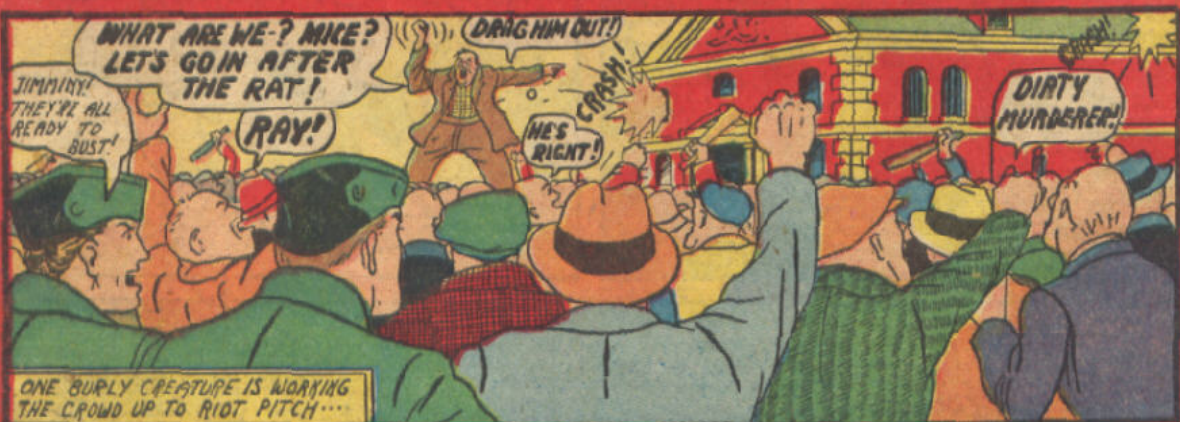
WE'RE CRAZY TO STAND FOR IT! WHY DO WE? LET'S STORM THE JAIL! YEAH!



ABRUPTLY, AS THEY APPROACH THE JAIL—

HEY—WHAT?!

LOOK—! NOW! WHAT A MOB—!



WHAT ARE WE? MIKE? LET'S GOIN AFTER THE RAT!

DRAUGH HIM OUT!

RAY!

HE'S RIGHT!

DIRTY MURDERER!

ONE BURLY CREATURE IS WORKING THE CROWD UP TO RIOT PITCH...



SENDING SUCCESS THE RINGLEADER OF THE MOB HEIGHTENS HIS FIRE!

YOU KNOW COURTS! YOU KNOW WHAT JOKES THEY ARE! WE GONNA SEE THIS GUY BRIBED FREE? OR ARE WE GONNA TAKE THE LAW IN OUR OWN HANDS?

YES!

RIGHT!

LET'S GET GOING!



OKAY THEN—GET GOING!! GRAB ONE OF THEM NEW LIGHT POLES FOR A BATTERING RAM! FORM UP FOR A CHARGE!

OKAY! C'MON BOY!

WE'LL GET THAT RAT!



WHILE ON THE COURTHOUSE STEPS, THE SMALL TOWN POLICE FORCE STAND WELL.

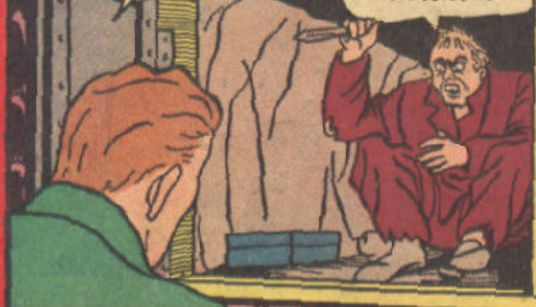
THEY'RE GONNA BREAK, CHIEF!

STAND BACK! YOU FOOLS!

SLOWLY DICK OPENS THE DOOR.

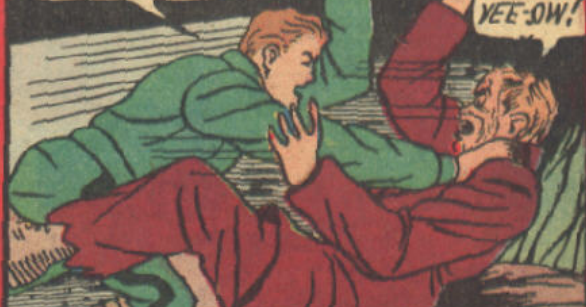
WELL—MR HARKER—

N-N-YA-A-A—!

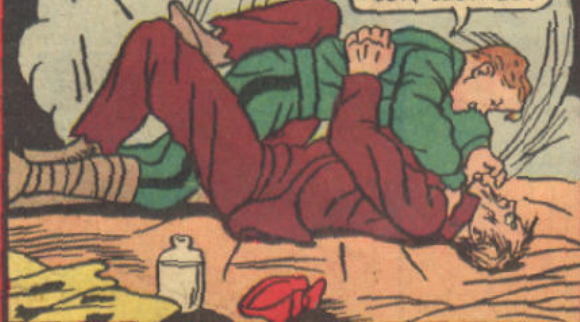


—IS THAT THE KNIFE
THAT SLIT THE DALE
WOMAN'S THROAT?

YEE-OW!



AND WHAT ARE THESE
DARK STAINS ON
YOUR CLOTHES?



NOW YOU KILLED THAT
WOMAN, DIDN'T YOU, MR.
HARKER? AND YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN AWAY, HAVE YOU?
YOU'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE!
RIGHT?

CMON! SPEAK
UP!

GLUB-AWK—
Y-YES—! —I—



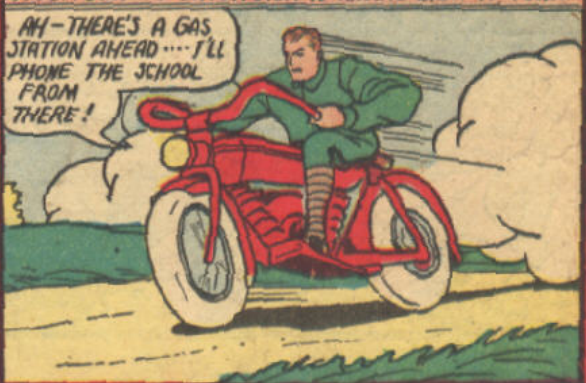
I DID IT—YES. I
DID—BUT I DIDN'T
MEAN TO—
I—

ALL RIGHT NEVER
MIND THE ACT,
PAL—I'M
LEAVING
YOU
HERE
FOR
NOW—
ALONE.



A FEW SECONDS LATER DICK IS RACING BACK TO TOWN.

AH—THERE'S A GAS
STATION AHEAD....I'LL
PHONE THE SCHOOL
FROM
THERE!



MEANWHILE—BACK BY THE COURT-
HOUSE— THE FAT MAN IS INCITING
THE MOB TO DISREGARD DICK'S PROMISE

WAIT—WAIT—! THAT'S ALL WE
BEEN DOING! WAITING!
I SAY LET'S
ACT!

AND
NOW!



DICK MAKES HIS PHONE CALL, THEN
MOUNTS HIS BIKE AGAIN....

NOW TO ZING
BACK THERE!



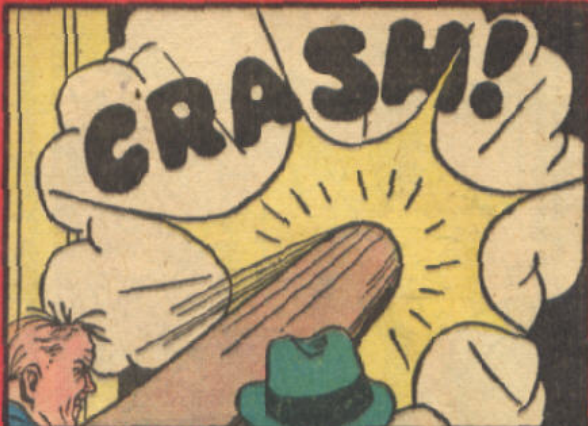
BACK IN TOWN, DICK IS APPALLED
BY THE SIGHT THAT GREETED HIM...

HOLY CATS!
I'M TOO LATE!



OUT OF CONTROL AGAIN, THE BATTERING-RAM SQUAD IS GOING INTO ACTION!

THAT'S THE STUFF! C'MON, MEN, WE'VE
GIVE IT TO 'EM, BOYS! DISARMED
RAY-K! THE COPS!



THE DOOR DOWN, THE MOB POURS
INTO THE BUILDING.

NOW WE'LL GET
THAT MURDERER!

YEE-OH!



REACHING GRANT'S CELL, THEY
BURST IN TO GRAB HIM

THERE HE IS!

HELP!

GRAB HIM!



SCREAMING IN ANGUISH THE POOR
VICTIM IS CARRIED OUT

GET A ROPE!

HELP!

I'M
INNOCENT!



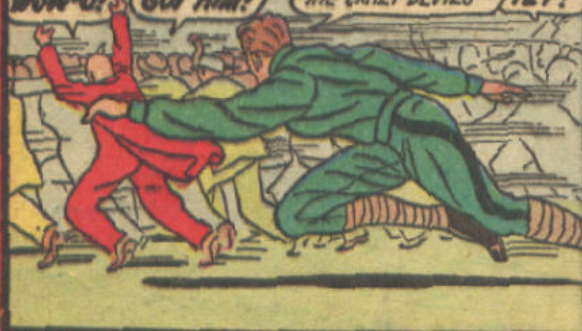
NOW WE'LL
STRING THE
BEGGAR UP!

DICK RACES ALONG BESIDE THE BERSERK MOB, LOOKING
FOR A CHANCE TO STEM THEIR FRENZY

WOW-O!

GOT HIM!

THE CRAZY DEVILS—YEE!



REACHING
THEIR
OBJECTIVE,
THE MOB
PLACE GRANT
UPON TWO
HIGH BOXES,
FIX A NOOSE
AROUND HIS
NECK
GRANT,
SUDDENLY
QUIET, TAKES
HIS FATE
WITH DUMB
RESIGNATION.

NOW YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR
MURDERING THE BEST OLD
GIRL THIS TOWN EVER
SAW!

AND PAY PUL-ENTY!

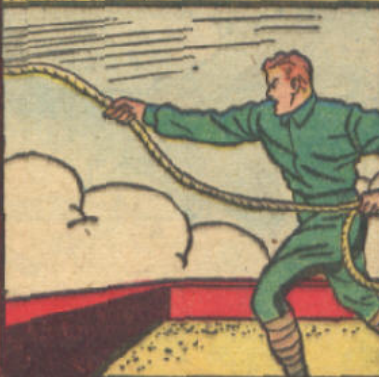


DICK, CATCHING A
WILD IDEA, BEGINS
TO SCALE A
NEARBY BUILDING
TO THE ROOF

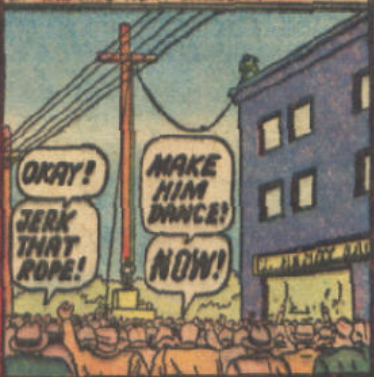
GOSH—



HOODING HIS ROPE, COWBOY FASHION, HE
THROWS IT OUT—



—TO HOOK ONTO THE LIGHT POLE USED
BY THE MOB AS A GALLOW'S





AS THE BOXES ARE TAKEN FROM BENEATH GRANT'S FEET, AND HE IS JERKED INTO THE AIR, DICK DIVES INTO SPACE....

AH-H-H-!

THERE HE GOES-!

HEY! LOOK-!

HEY! GREAT HEAVENS!

WOW-!

WHILE THE CROWD GASPS ITS ASTONISHMENT, DICK SNATCHES GRANT'S BODY FROM THE AIR, RELIEVING THE TRUTHNESS OF THE NOOSE.THE MOMENTUM OF HIS DIVE CARRIES THEM ON AND UP TOWARD THE OPPOSITE BUILDING....



GOT YOU, MISTER-DON'T SQUIRM-!

AMAZING!

UNBELIEVABLE!

IT'S THAT KID-!

HE OUGHT TO BE LYNCHED!



THE ROPES ARE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO ALLOW THEM TO MAKE THE ROOF....

THIS IS A MIRACLE!



DICK HIDES GRANT, RUSHES DOWN TO THE STREET AGAIN TO CONFRONT THE CROWD.

THERE HE IS!

GRAB HIM!

WHERE'S GRANT?

NOW WAIT! SLOW UP! THE REAL MURDERER - OF MISS DALE HAS CONFESSED!



HE'S BEEN CAPTURED, HE'S CONFESSED, AND HE'S ON HIS WAY TO TOWN RIGHT NOW - IN FACT-LOOK-HERE HE COMES NOW - JEB HARKER!

WHERE? WE'LL LYNCH HIM!

HOLY CATS!

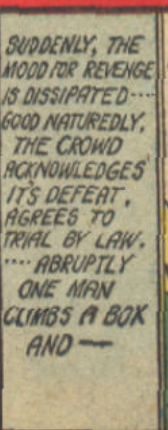


THE CROWD WHEELS TO SEE A LONG COLUMN OF ARMED FARR CADETS ESCORTING THE PRISONER TO JAIL...A RESULT OF DICK'S TELEPHONE CALL....

LOOK! WE'RE LICKED THE FARR CADETS!

AND HARKER!

NOW-THERE'S NO TAKING HIM FROM THOSE BOYS!



SUDDENLY, THE MOOD FOR REVENGE IS DISSIPATED....GOOD NATUREDLY, THE CROWD ACKNOWLEDGES ITS DEFEAT, AGREES TO TRIAL BY LAW.ABRUPTLY ONE MAN CLIMBS A BOX AND -

HEY-EVERYBODY! I WANT TO LEAD YOU ALL IN THREE CHEERS FOR THE BRAVE LAD WHO SAVED US ALL FROM MAKING A BEASTLY MISTAKE! THAT FINE YOUNG AMERICAN BOY, DICK COLE!

'RAY! 'RAY!

ANOTHER AND BETTER DICK COLE YARN IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLE!

SUB-ZERO

IT'S A
HOLD-
UP!

FOURTH
CITY
BANK

WHAT'S
YOUR HURRY,
BOYS?

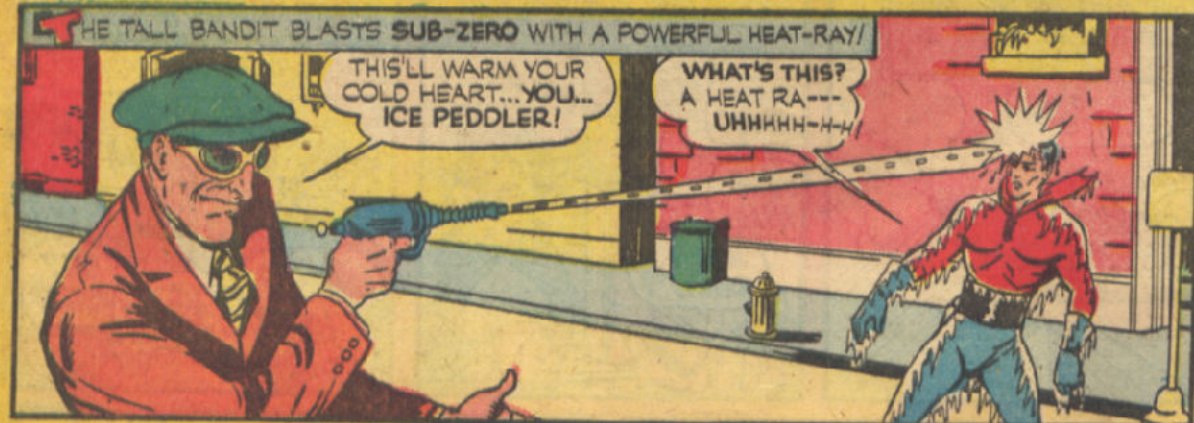
CITY
BANK
DEPT. 1111
BUTL.

SUB-ZERO... LONE SURVIVOR OF AN EXPEDITION THROUGH FROZEN SPACE FROM THE PLANET VENUS... HAS MASTERED COLD AND SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES... USING THESE POWERS IN HIS UNCEASING WAR ON EVIL!

THE TALL BANDIT BLASTS SUB-ZERO WITH A POWERFUL HEAT-RAY!

THIS'LL WARM YOUR
COLD HEART... YOU...
ICE PEDDLER!

WHAT'S THIS?
A HEAT RA---
UHHHHH-HH



THE BANDIT REVIVES HIS COMPANION WITH THE RAY!

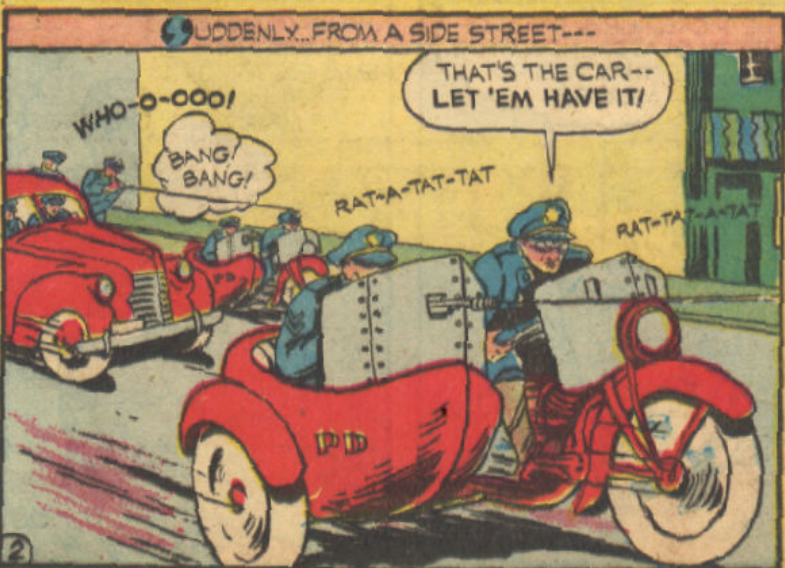
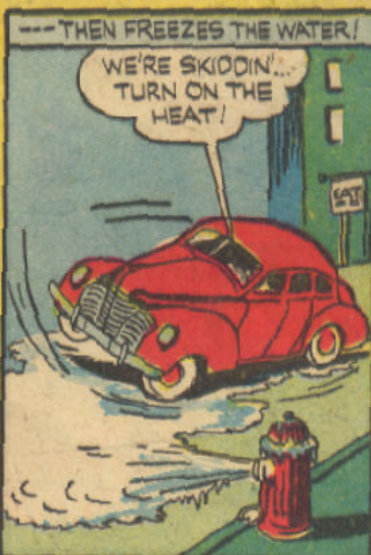
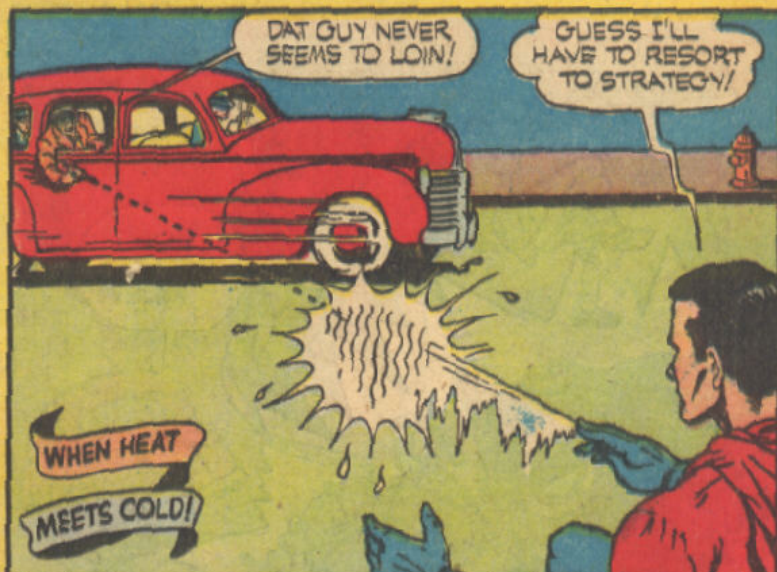
SNAP OUT
OF IT!

BR-R-R!



GET GOING... WE'VE
WASTED ENOUGH TIME
AS IT IS!







THE RAY MECHANISM IS MADE OF A SUBSTANCE THAT DEFIES ANALYSIS... BUT THE PURPLE FILTER ON THE MUZZLE INDICATES AN ULTRA-
INFRARED RAY!

MEANING THAT SOME INVENTIVE GENIUS WITH A WARPED BRAIN HAS DECIDED TO PIT HIMSELF AGAINST THE LAW!



AT THE POLICE LABORATORY...

THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY...

HE WALKS LIKE A CAT!

FARGALL, MY ASSISTANT...

WHO'S THAT, DR. PETERSON!



SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, GENTLEMEN... BUT I LOST SOMETHING--AH... HERE IT IS!



HE PICKED UP A PIECE OF GREEN GLASS--NOW WHAT DOES THAT REMIND ME OF?



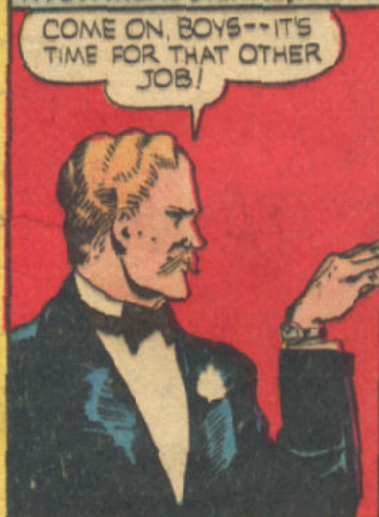
GREEN GOGGLES... TO GUARD THEIR EYES FROM THE RAYS--- THIS MAN FARGALL WILL BEAR WATCHING!



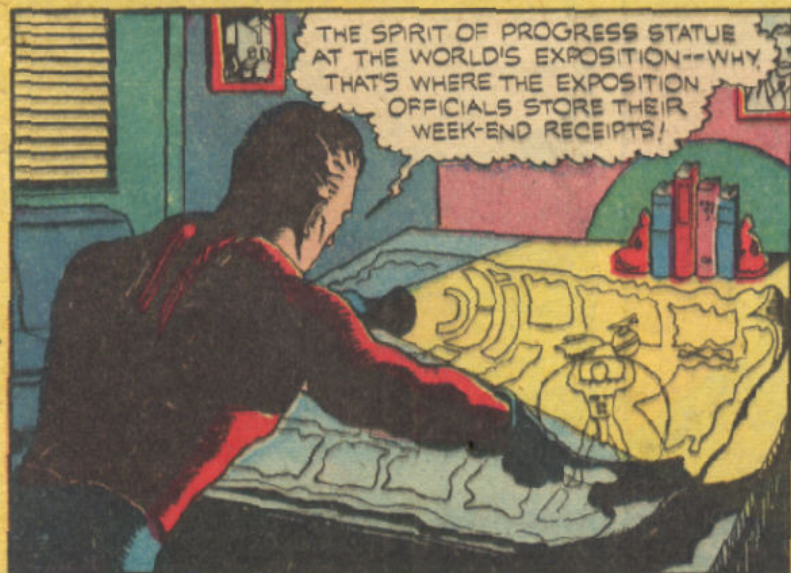
THAT NIGHT TWO MEMBERS OF THE STICK-UP MOB CELEBRATE THEIR COUP WITH THEIR BOSS---FARGALL!



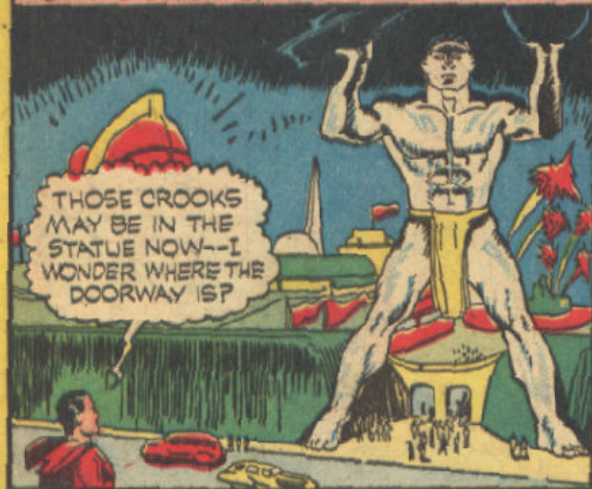
A FEW MORE DRINKS, AND...



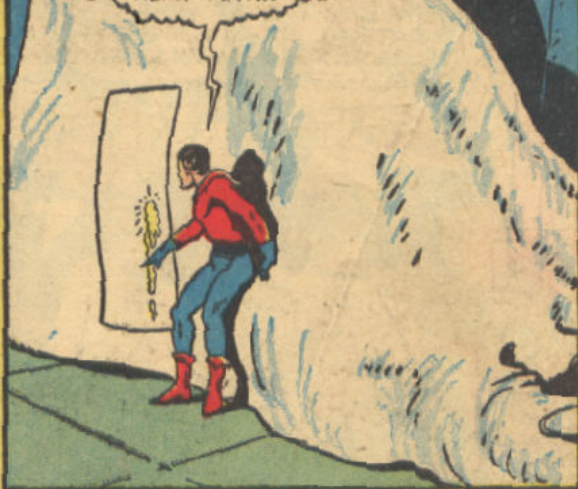
MEANWHILE--SUB-ZERO PAYS A "VISIT" TO FARGALL'S APARTMENT--



THE EXPOSITION...CROWDS IN HOLIDAY MOOD PASS THROUGH THE EXIT FORMED BY THE LIMBS OF THE HOLLOW STATUE...



THE LOCK'S BURNED OFF--PROBABLY BY A HEAT-RAY...



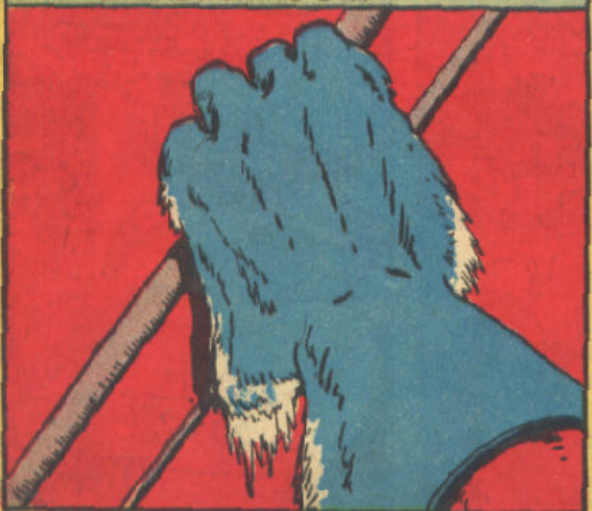
SUB-ZERO ENTERS THE GIANT FOOT...



SOME CLIMB... BUT HERE GOES!

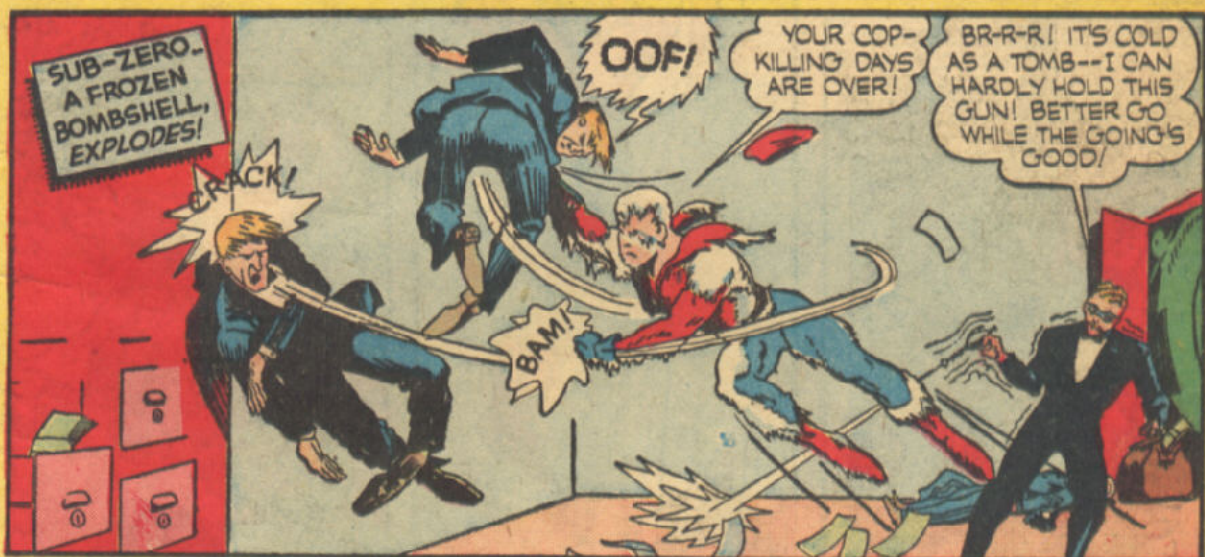


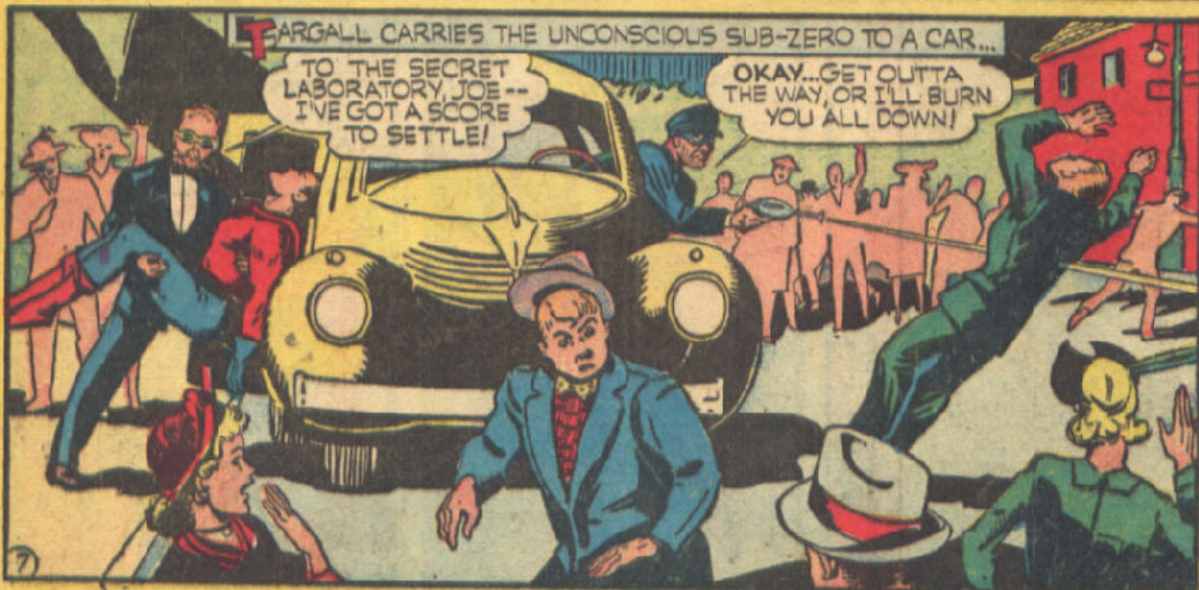
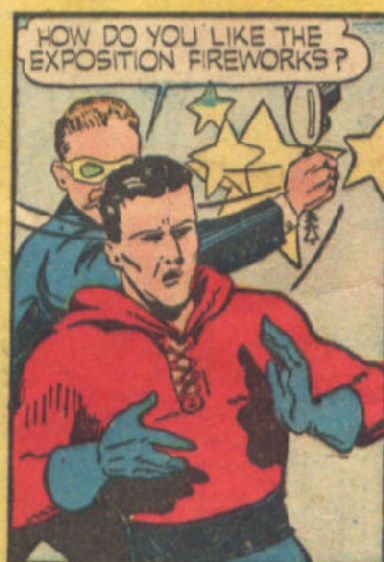
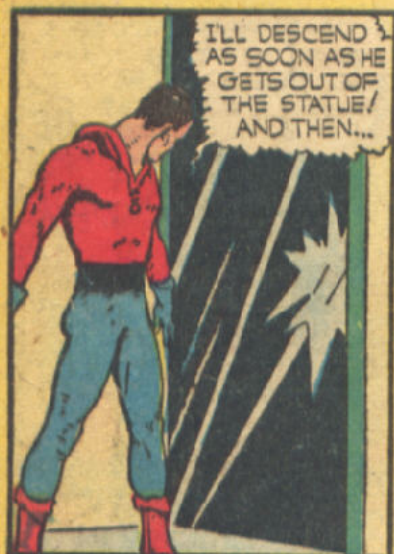
SUB-ZERO FREEZES HIS HANDS TO STRENGTHEN HIS GRIP---

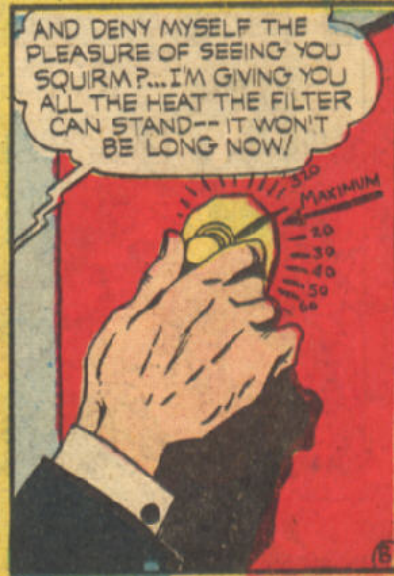
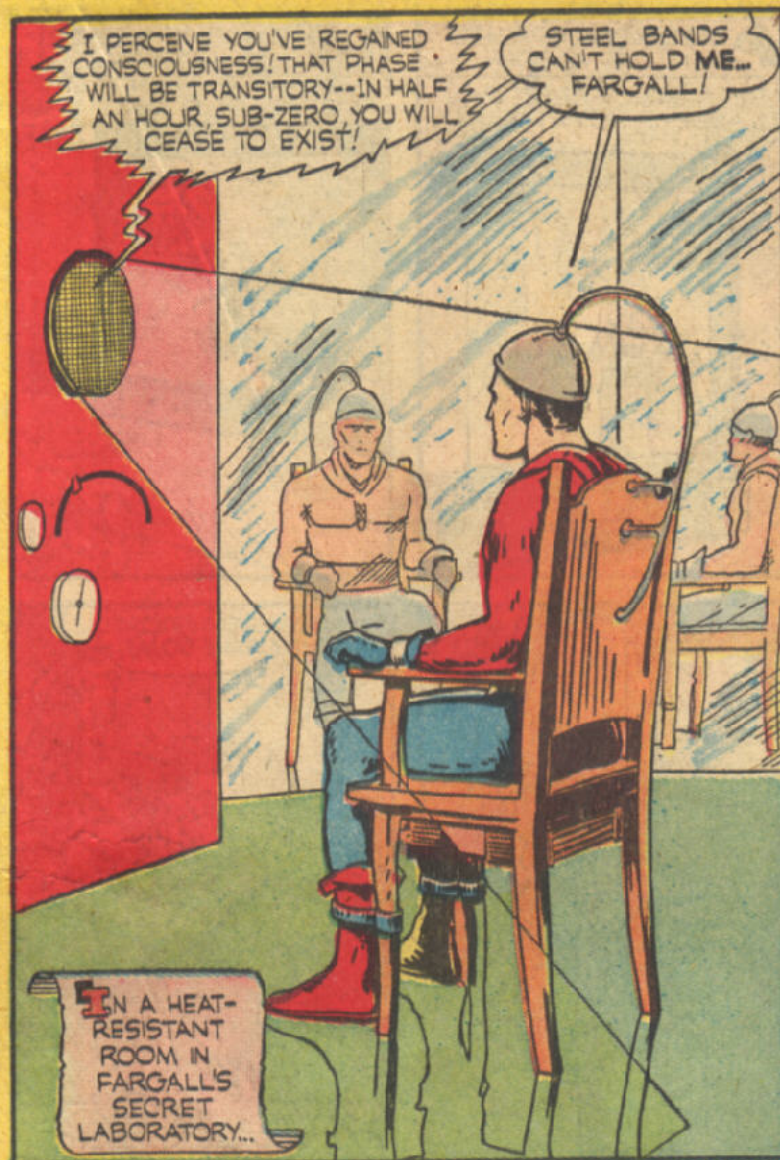


THE MONEY VAULT-- WITH A CABLE-CAR PARKED IN FRONT OF IT/ I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!







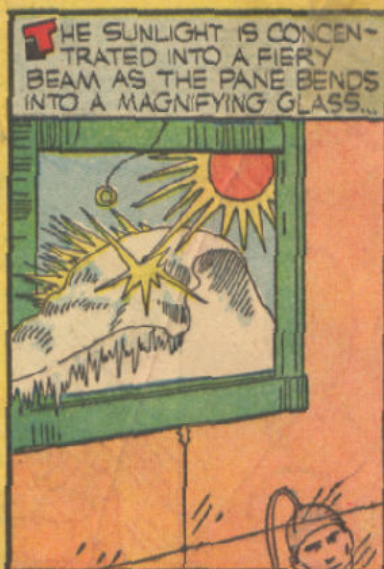




ALL THE HEAT
THE FILTER CAN
STAND...THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA!



DISTORTION APPEARS
IN THE WINDOW!
I CAN STILL FREEZE
GLASS--IF NOT STEEL!



THE SUNLIGHT IS CONCENTRATED INTO A FIERY
BEAM AS THE PANE BENDS
INTO A MAGNIFYING GLASS...



I'VE GOT TO BEND
THAT DISTORTION
SO THAT THE
SUNBEAM HITS
THE FILTER!

SUB-ZERO SUMMONS ALL HIS
POWER IN ONE LAST EFFORT!



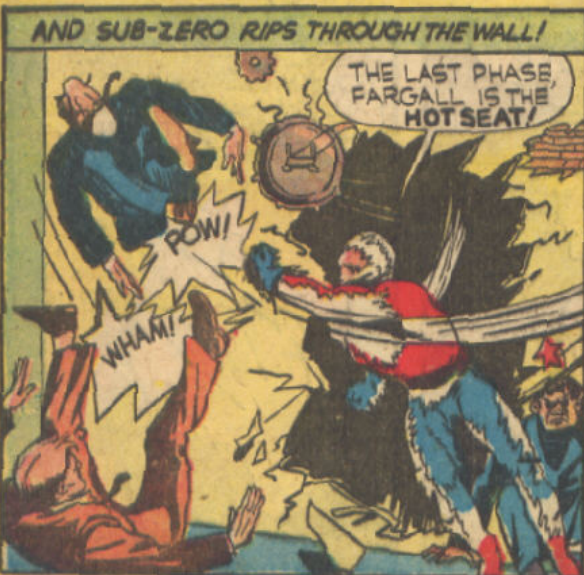
CRACK!

FIGHT
FIRE WITH
FIRE!



MY POWER'S RESTORED...
NOW I'LL HAVE SOME
FUN!

WITH THE FILTER DESTROYED,
THE RAY CEASES TO FUNCTION!



AND SUB-ZERO RIPS THROUGH THE WALL!

THE LAST PHASE,
FARGALL IS THE
HOT SEAT!



POLICE-MOP UP!

HE WAS ONE OF OUR
MOST PROMISING
SCIENTISTS!

SMART AS HE
WAS, HE COULDN'T
BEAT THE LAW--
WHAT A WASTE
OF TALENT!

Another
EXCITING
THRILLING
CHILLING
SUB-ZERO
ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
BLUE BOLT

Sergeant SPOOK



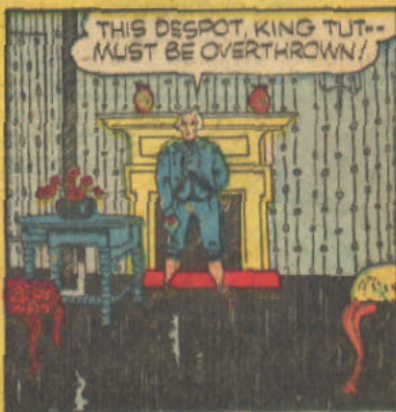
SERGEANT SPOOK...
HAVING WITNESSED THE
SLAVERY OF THE GHOSTS
OF NORTHERN AFRICA
UNDER THE DESPOTIC
RULE OF KING TUT, VOWS
UPON HIS RETURN TO
GHOST TOWN THAT HE
SHALL NOT REST UNTIL
HE HAS GAINED
THEIR FREEDOM!

SPOOK HAS AN AUDIENCE
WITH PRESIDENT GEORGE
WASHINGTON OF GHOST TOWN.

SO YOU SEE, SIR...I AM
ASKING YOUR HELP TO FREE
THE POOR
SLAVE GHOSTS
OF NORTHERN
AFRICA!



THIS DESPOT, KING TUT--
MUST BE OVERTHROWN!



WASHINGTON'S CALL FOR
A VOLUNTEER ARMY IS
ANSWERED BY GHOSTS OF
ALL PERIODS--EAGER TO
HELP THEIR FELLOW MEN--



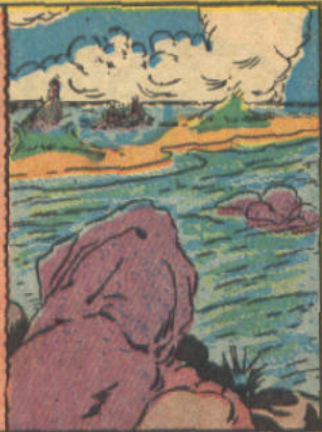
SOON EVERY ABLE-BODIED
GHOST HAS VOLUNTEERED--
AND SERGEANT SPOOK IS MADE
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF...



GHOST TRANSPORTS---SHIPS
OF EVERY PERIOD... SAIL
OUT OF GHOST TOWN HARBOR
AND HEAD TOWARD AFRICA!



THE GHOSTS LAND ON AN UNINHABITED PART OF THE AFRICAN COAST--



SPOOK EXPLAINS THE REASON TO HIS FRIEND, DR. SHERLOCK--

BY LANDING HERE, THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS-- ON OUR SIDE!



UNKNOWN TO SERGEANT SPOOK, AN EVIL PAIR OF EYES WATCH THE DISEMBARKING OF THE GHOST TOWN ARMY...



THE WATCHER PROVES TO BE A GHOST SOLDIER OF KING TUT'S ARMY WHO HAD BEEN HUNTING...

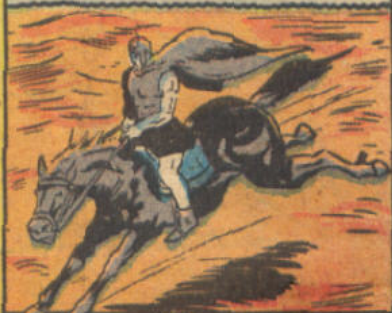
I MUST HASTEN AND WARN MY KING!



AFTER CRASHING THROUGH THE JUNGLE-LIKE STRIP OF LAND, THE SOLDIER REACHES THE DESERT...



LEAPING ON HIS ARABIAN STALLION--HE GALLOPS TOWARD THE PALACE OF KING TUT...



AS HE RACES THROUGH THE PALACE YARD, HE LASHES OUT WITH HIS WHIP AT THE SLAVE GHOSTS WHO GET IN HIS PATH...

MAKE WAY, DOGS-- FOR THE KING'S MESSENGER!



IN THE THRONE ROOM--

O GLORIOUS RULER OF ALL GHOSTS--I BRING NEWS OF AN APPROACHING ARMY!



EH? ARMY YOU SAY? SPEAK UP! WHO DARES ATTACK THE REALM OF KING TUT?



CALL OUT THE ARMY--I SHALL SHOW THIS DOG HOW TO FIGHT!



THE MESSENGER TELLS HIS STORY...

--AND, SIRE-- THIS ARMY CAME FROM OUT OF THE WEST!



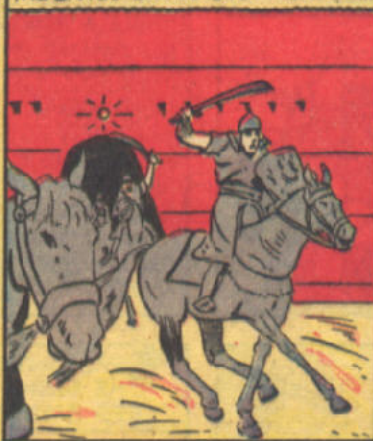
HO! THAT SERGEANT SPOOK PERSON HAS WASTED NO TIME!



KING TUT'S ARMY IS QUICKLY ORGANIZED...AND WITH THE EVIL KING LEADING THE FIRST DIVISION IN HIS ROYAL CHARIOT...THEY LEAVE THE PALACE AND HEAD OUT ACROSS THE DESERT...



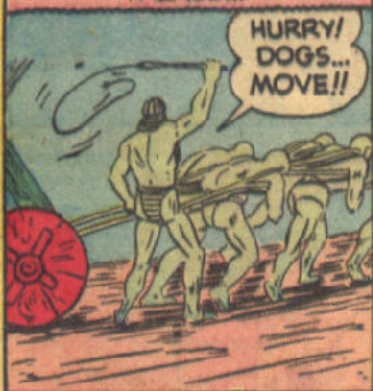
...NEXT TO PASS THROUGH THE PALACE GATES ARE THE BARBARIC DESERT WARRIORS, MOUNTED ON ARABIAN HORSES...



...THEN COMES THE POWERFUL CAMEL CORP...



AS THIS MIGHTY HORDE RACES ACROSS THE DESERT, THE SLAVES LEFT BEHIND ARE BUSY BUILDING UP THE DEFENCES OF THE PALACE...



MEANWHILE THE GHOST TOWN ARMY IS MARCHING ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARD KING TUT'S PALACE!



FROM THE TOP OF A GREAT SAND DUNE LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE DESERT, SERGEANT SPOOK SEES---

QUICK... MEN--TAKE YOUR POSITIONS... HERE THEY COME!



THE CHARGING ARMY OF KING TUT HEADS ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARD SERGEANT SPOOK'S FORCES!



REMEMBER YOUR ORDERS, MEN--WE'LL SHOW THEM SOME OF THE OLD BUNKER HILL TACTICS!



KING TUT SUDDENLY SPIES SPOOK AND PART OF THE GHOST TOWN ARMY!

CHARGE! I'LL MAKE SLAVES OF THESE FOOLS!



AS THE FIRST DIVISION OF KING TUT'S ARMY REACH THE TOP OF THE GREAT SAND DUNE... THEY ARE GREETED WITH A VOLLEY FROM THE GHOST GUNS OF SPOOK'S ARMY!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!



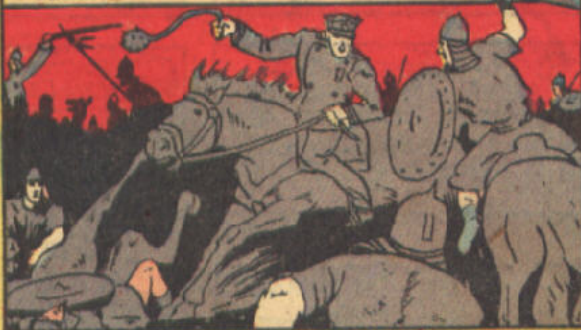
WITH MOST OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF HIS ARMY PARALYZED BY THE GHOST GUNS, KING TUT, WHO MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED, CHARGES INTO THE GHOST TOWN ARMY WITH HIS CAMEL CORPS AND CAVALRY



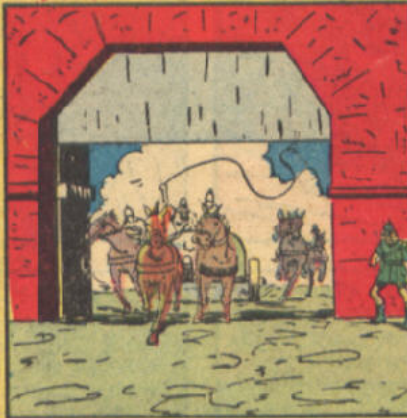
THERE IS GREAT CONFUSION AND TERRIFIC FIGHTING AS BOTH ARMIES CLASH ON THE DESERT IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMID---



SERGEANT SPOOK FIGHTS FIERCELY AS HE SEEKS OUT KING TUT ON THIS BLOODLESS BATTLEFIELD OF GHOSTS!



KING TUT, MEANWHILE, REALIZES THAT HE IS FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE! HE GATHERS HIS SCATTERED FORCES, AND FLEES ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARDS HIS PALACE!



KING TUT AND HIS ARMY REACH THE PALACE GROUNDS, AND THE MASSIVE GATES ARE SHUT ON SERGEANT SPOOK'S ADVANCING ARMY!

SERGEANT SPOOK HALTS HIS MEN BEFORE THE PALACE WALL...

BRING UP THE GHOST CANNONS!



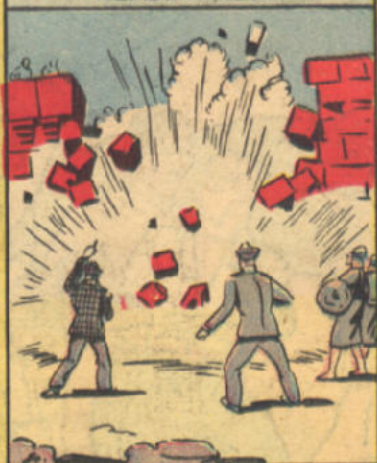
AS THE GHOST TOWN CANNONS ARE BEING PLACED... HUGE CATAPULTS ON THE WALLS OF THE PALACE RAIN DOWN GREAT GHOST STONES ON SERGEANT SPOOK'S ARMY!



WITH THE CANNONS READY
SERGEANT SPOOK ISSUES
THE ORDER TO---



A TERRIFIC BLAST
CRUMPLES THE
PALACE WALLS!



RUNNING OVER THE CRUMPLED WALLS, AND INTO THE PALACE YARD...SERGEANT SPOOK'S MEN LOCK GRIPS WITH KING TUT'S ARMY AS SPOOK DASHES INTO THE PALACE IN SEARCH OF THE DESPOT---



HAI DOG...SO YOU WISH
TO DO ME BATTLE? FOR
YOUR RASHNESS, YOU
WILL DIE!



TUT! TUT! "TUT"---
YOU'RE BALMY! WE
CAN'T KILL ONE ANOTHER!
BUT THIS I CAN DO!



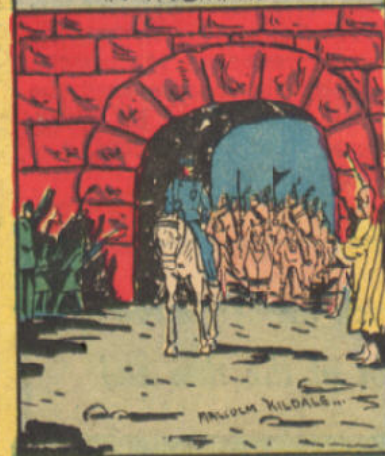
SLAM!



SPOOK DRAGS THE FALLEN
KING TO A WINDOW IN
THE PALACE, AND WHEN
"TUT'S" ARMY SEES THE
DEFEATED KING THEY
THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS!



WITH KING TUT IN EXILE...
HIS ARMY DISARMED...AND
THE SLAVES FREED--SPOOK
RETURNS TO GHOST TOWN
IN TRIUMPH!



A NEW.....
ADVENTURE WITH...

**SERGEANT
SPOOK**

Appears In the Next
BLUE BOLT



MORSE-MEDICINE

by Andrew McWhiney

SUN-HAZED prairie rolled away from the tiny telegraph block-house, far north to dim, blue, snow-capped mountains; east and west to the sight's limit, slashed by the slender, daring rails of the new-laid transcontinental railroad; and south to where dusty trees marked a water-course. Save for a faint drift of black smoke to

the westward, and the lonely blockhouse, all was a vast emptiness. The year, 1870.

Telegraph operator Rance McDevitt finished his staccato report of westbound 14's passage, mopped his brow, opened the circuit, and turned to Cherry Creek Charlie, the scout, who lounged in the corner.

● Rance McDevitt's trick almost failed — until help came from out of the thin air!

"And that," stated Rance, "makes 24 hours in which the Da-ko-tahs didn't rip up the poles and line somewhere. Either their red bosoms is fillin' with affection for us, which I don't believe, or them worthless troops from the fort is really pat-rollin' the line instead of loafin' in the shade, which I believe even less."

Cherry Creek yawned.

"Cain't tell. Don't count on the Da-ko-tahs gettin' friendly. I hear different. They hate the railroad. In fact——"

"In fact, here they are now!" warned Rance. "Hidin' in the trees, they was, till 14 passed."

Cherry Creek sprang up and seized his rifle.

"Leave be," warned Rance. "Too many. Don't seem particular mad, either."

"Um," assented the scout, looking. "Mebbe wanta parley." But he kept loose hold of the long Sharps rifle.

Hooves shook the ground, and painted warriors surrounded the station. A splendidly bedaubed chief dismounted and advanced, followed by a score of mature fighting-fraternity braves.

"Running Wolf!" whispered Cherry Creek. He opened the door. Surprised, the Da-ko-tahs halted, peering sharply.

"How!" grunted Cherry Creek.

Running Wolf returned the grunt. He seemed hesitant. Finally he stepped forward a pace and orated in the Da-ko-tah tongue. Rance was on edge.

Now Running Wolf finished, staring haughtily.

"He says," translated Cherry Creek, "they have come to see for themselves the lightning-that-talks." He nodded at the telegraph instrument. "Their medicine men tell 'em lightning-that-talks is evil medicine. Jealous, I guess. That's why they keep rootin' up the line."

"Yeah?" breathed Rance. "And—?"

"Running Wolf himself is neutral, but the medicine men have made some hot-headed braves believe you operators command trains to run or not run by the talking lightning. The trains frighten their squaws and herds, set fire to the grass and destroy the grazing, and drive away game. Bad medicine, see? The way to stop the trains is to kill the operators and wreck the wires. Then peace, see?"

RANCE thought. "Think Running Wolf is really neutral?" "Can't tell—he's tricky. Old, too. I heard he's losin' control of the tribe. He'd probably like to play this the best way for himself. Depends. If he could blame it on somebody else without bringin' out the troops..."

At this a tall, haughty warrior advanced and harangued his chief. Others fingered their scalp knives and moved up. Rance went cold. "Nice to have known you, Cherry Creek," he muttered.

"Yeah? Don't forget, I'm a witness. They'll have to shut me up, too."

Suddenly Running Wolf nodded decisively. Both men were surrounded and seized.

"Listen!" Rance yelled. The startled Da-ko-tahs hesitated, looked at Running Wolf.

"Talk fast!" snapped Rance. "Tell 'em I can prove lightning-that-talks is good medicine for a chief. Ask him if he were on the war-path, and needed Yellow Bird, from beyond the fort, how long it would take a messenger to send word."

Cherry Creek translated. "He says 'three suns!'"

"Tell him I'll get Yellow Bird here in one sun! He must pretend he needs him!"

"Whoa!" cautioned Cherry Creek. "How d'ye know Yellow Bird ain't off chasin' rainbows somewhere?"

"He's around—I got the cavalry check-up on the wire not an hour ago!"

Cherry Creek grinned. "Gotcha! We'll try it!"

With heavy, hideous diplomacy he addressed the chief. Rance sensed Running Wolf's temptation. Watching, he knew the man could not afford to miss this chance to regain his failing authority. Finally he ordered his men away.

Rance closed circuit and got the fort. Quickly, emphatically, he outlined the situation. The other man rapped: "Do what I can. Good luck."

"Good luck!" mimicked Rance. "That's a new man, fresh from Chicago. The regular operator would have twisted Yellow Bird's hair till he got started. Now we'll have to take a chance."

SUNSET blurred the northern peaks; day's glory languished to dusk. Somehow the fierce brilliance of the enormous stars heightened Rance's despair. He must not lose hope.

Hours dragged with forced conversation. Rance wondered how the Da-ko-tahs stayed so alert, so watchful. He dozed uncomfortably. Night was endless. Fatigued and stiff, they watched dawn set the prairie ablaze again.

"Come to think of it," said the scout, "there'll be questions when you don't get on the wire today. Won't they send troops then?"

"Sunday," said the operator. "No trains."

Morning dragged on. Day began to smoulder with insufferable heat. Dazed, Rance lost track of time.

"Yellow Bird collapsed of sunstroke," hazarded the scout.

Rance stirred. "That tenderfoot at the fort," he growled, "must be waitin' for Congress to sign a treaty with these varmints."

In mid-afternoon Cherry Creek ventured: "Guess that treaty didn't pass, or Yellow Bird would have been here."

The warriors were restless now; Cherry Creek said they wanted to settle matters. "Glad we got a politician in charge," he said. "While he stalls, we live."

Afternoon burned on slowly. Rance grew desperate. Running Wolf controlled the Da-ko-tahs with difficulty. Then the sun began to set. Running Wolf's gamble had failed. He spoke at length.

"He says you're a fraud," said Charlie laconically. "It's over now. Watch me get that tall coyote, though."

Running Wolf made a chopping gesture with his tomahawk and pointed at the whites. His men sprang forward. Suddenly, outside, a warrior yelled shrilly. Everyone looked. A lookout behind the station gestured toward the east with his spear.

Far across the prairie stormed a wavering line of horsemen, bristling with spears and tomahawks. Their shields looked like spread sails driving them through the angry surf of hoof-lashed dust.

Cherry Creek's howl was ear-splitting. "Yellow Bird!"

Running Wolf's face was full of wonder as he spurred forward.

"He wants to kiss you," grinned the scout. "Go ahead—be a sport!"

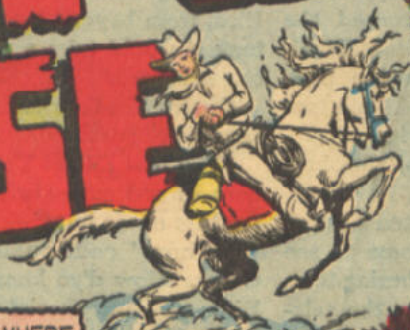
END

The WHITE RIDER:

and

SUPER HORSE

REARED IN A STRANGE "LOST CANYON" WHERE THE STRONG PULL OF GRAVITY CAUSED A SUPER DEVELOPMENT OF THEIR MUSCULAR POWERS... THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE CONTINUE THEIR NEVER-CEASING BATTLE AGAINST CRIME AND OPPRESSION.... IN THE STRANGE HALF LIGHT OF DAWN, THESE TWO COMPANIONS OF THE PLAINS ENCOUNTER A WEIRD SIGHT---



THANK GOODNESS, MISTER--
I BEEN LOOKIN' FER YOU...
FER ANYONE ...

WHAT
FOR?



TWO SHEEPHERDERS
ACROSS THE VALLEY...
THEY WENT---
INSANE! THEY'RE
KILLIN' MY
HUSBAND AN'
DAUGHTER...

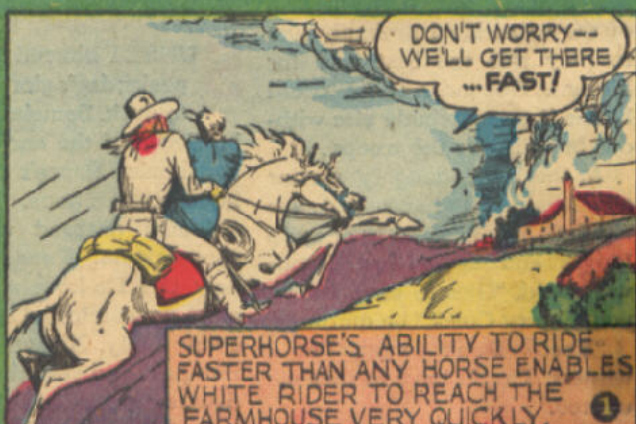


WHERE
ARE
THEY?

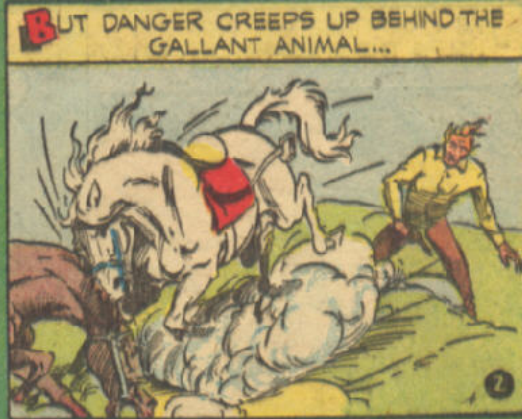
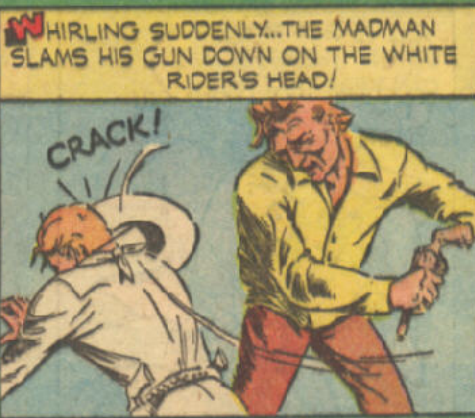
STRAIGHT UP THE
TRAIL/HURRY...MEBBE
IT'S ALREADY TOO
LATE!



DON'T WORRY--
WE'LL GET THERE
...FAST!



SUPERHORSE'S ABILITY TO RIDE
FASTER THAN ANY HORSE ENABLES
WHITE RIDER TO REACH THE
FARMHOUSE VERY QUICKLY. 1



BUT SUPERHORSE'S KEEN SENSE OF HEARING COMES TO HIS RESCUE... EVEN AS THE RIDER RACES TO HIS AID, THE GREAT HORSE WHIRLS--



--AND IN A FEW SECONDS THE MANIAC IS SUBDUED AND BOUND!



WE GOT HIM JUST IN TIME, CLOUD! HE WON'T GET AWAY NOW!

WHERE'S YOUR DAUGHTER, MA'AM?



JANE... WAS TOOK BY T'OTHER ONE, MISTER-- YOU'VE GOT TUH FIND HER...



COME ON CLOUD-- LET'S GO!

WE'RE BEING FOLLERED! THEY CAN'T DO THAT TUH ME... GIT UP, HOSS!



HELP!!

SUPERHORSE'S KEEN SCENT BRINGS HIM QUICKLY ON THE TRAIL OF THE KIDNAPPER.

THAT'S THE GIRL ALL RIGHT--FASTER, CLOUD!



YOU'VE GOTTA QUIET DOWN--THERE! NOW I CAN KEEP THAT RIDER OFF!



CROSSING A WEAK WOODEN BRIDGE--THE MADMAN SUDDENLY DISMOUNTS..



THIS'LL FIX HIM!

THE CRAFTINESS OF INSANITY HELPS THE SHEPHERDER TO LAY A DANGEROUS TRAP...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER--



LOOK OUT CLOUD! BACK!

THEY'LL FALL AND DROWN! THEY WON'T FOLLER ME ANYMORE-- EVER... GIT UP!

THE BRIDGE COLLAPSES... PLUNGES THE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE INTO THE STREAM!



RISING TO THE SURFACE--SUPERHORSE FAILS TO FIND HIS MASTER!



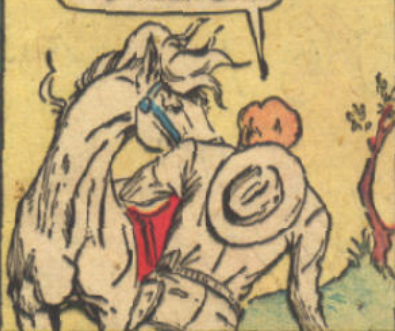
QUICKLY DIVING BENEATH THE SURFACE SUPERHORSE FINDS THE RIDER CAUGHT BENEATH A HUGE IRON-BOUND SPAR...



HAVING FREED THE WHITE RIDER, SUPERHORSE TENDERLY CLUTCHES THE RIDER'S ARM AND BRINGS HIM TO SHORE!



THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE, CLOUD... BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP ON!



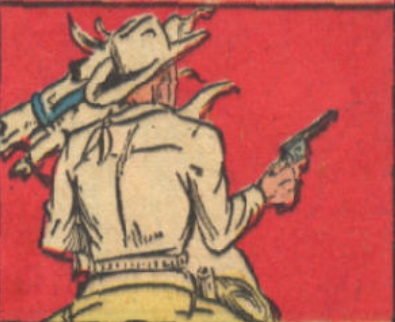
THE TRAIL LEADS STEADILY UPWARDS, UNTIL...

STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME! NO ONE CAN GIT ME!

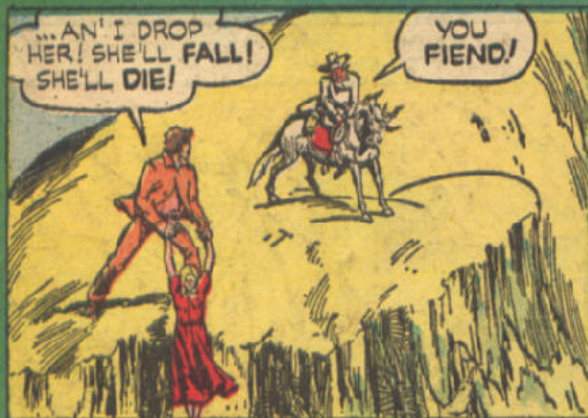


THE WHITE RIDER DRAWS HIS GUN AND AIMS... BUT THE HAMMER CLICKS HARMLESSLY---THE POWDER IS WET...

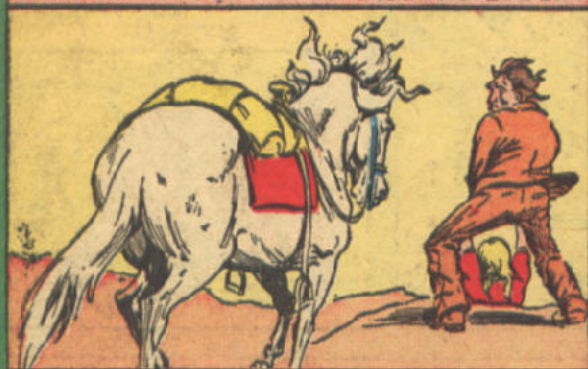


HA! HA! I'VE STILL GOT THE GIRL! STAY AWAY, MISTER---TAKE ONE MORE STEP...





SUPERHORSE, OBEYING HIS MASTER'S COMMAND, MOVES TOWARD THE MADMAN... BUT STOPS JUST OUT OF REACH, HOPING TO LURE HIM BACK FROM THE CLIFF'S EDGE!



WHILE SUPERHORSE MOVES TOWARD THE MADMAN, THE RIDER CLIMBS DOWN THE CLIFF, HOPING TO GET BENEATH THE SUSPENDED GIRL!



MEANWHILE, AS SUPERHORSE PAUSES--THE MADMAN LUNGES AT HIM--LOSING HIS GRIP---



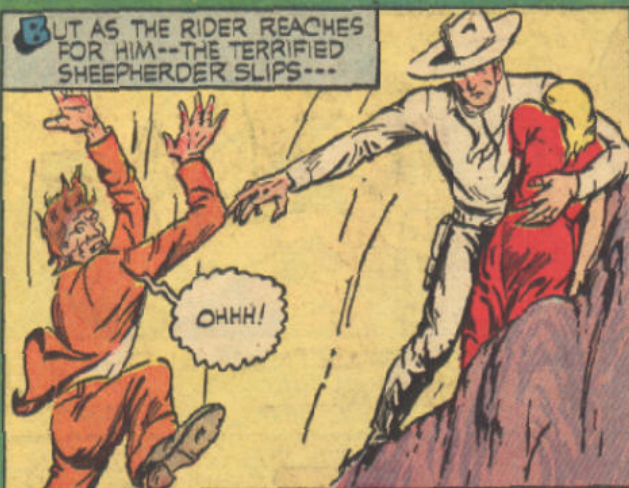
--AND HURTLES DOWN THE CLIFF WITH THE GIRL--



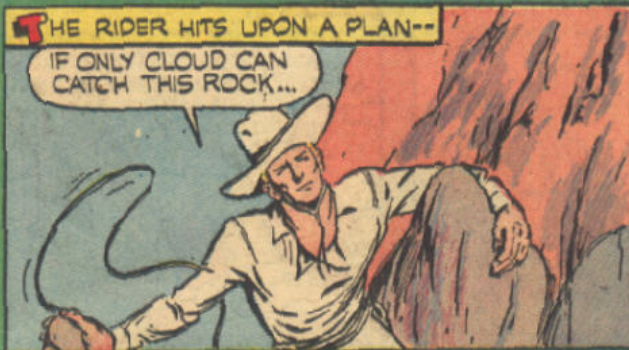
WHERE THE RIDER IS WAITING!



BUT AS THE RIDER REACHES FOR HIM--THE TERRIFIED SHEEPHERDER SLIPS---



THE RIDER HITS UPON A PLAN--
IF ONLY CLOUD CAN CATCH THIS ROCK...



HE'S GONE...AND SO ARE WE,
UNLESS I CAN GET THIS UN-
CONSCIOUS GIRL UP THE CLIFF!
THE ROPE WON'T REACH
THE BOTTOM...

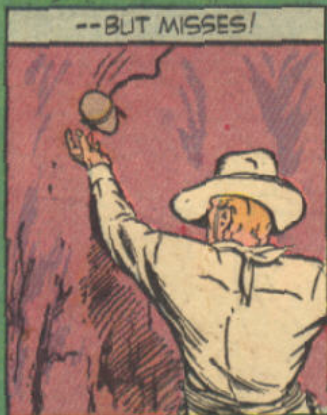


WITH ONE END OF THE ROPE TIED
AROUND HIS BODY, THE RIDER TOSSES
THE OTHER END UP TO SUPERHORSE--

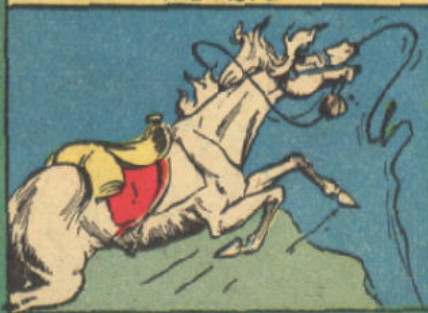
CATCH THIS,
CLOUD...AND
PULL!



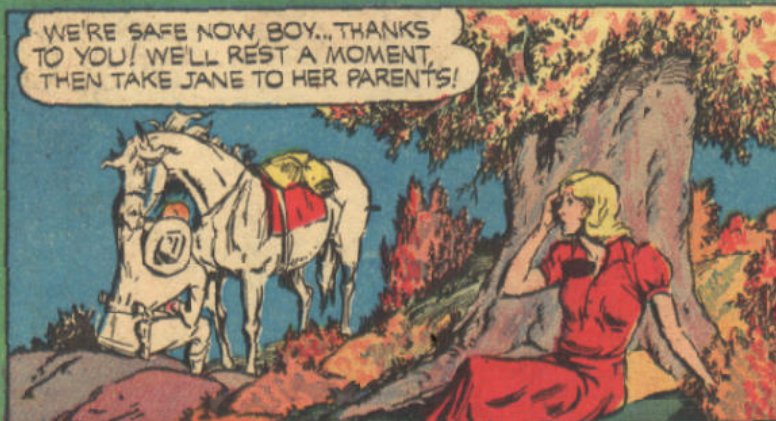
--BUT MISSES!



THE SECOND ATTEMPT PROVES
SUCCESSFUL...MAKING A DESPERATE
GRAB, SUPERHORSE CATCHES
THE ROPE



WE'RE SAFE NOW BOY...THANKS
TO YOU! WE'LL REST A MOMENT,
THEN TAKE JANE TO HER PARENTS!



HOLDING THE ROPE TIGHTLY,
SUPERHORSE SLOWLY BACKS
AWAY--RAISING THE GIRL AND
HIS MASTER TO SAFETY!



SUPERHORSE
APPEARS NEXT MONTH
in BLUE BOLT--- ©

EDISON BELL



JERRY, EDISON BELL'S PAL...IS ALL STEAMED UP WITH A NEW IDEA THAT HE THINKS WILL OUT-DO EDDIE'S VERY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS!



IT'S FINISHED! AFTER A WHOLE MONTH'S WORK! NOW I CAN SHOW IT TO EDDIE AND FRANKIE...I'LL SHOW 'EM!



WELL...HOW IS THE GREAT INVENTION COMING?

ALL FINISHED-- I'LL SHOW YOU!



I CALL IT THE FUTU-RAY-RADIO! I FEEL THAT RADIO WAVES, IF THEY ARE HIGH ENOUGH, WILL CONTINUE TO ABOUT? SUSTAIN THEMSELVES-- AND CAN BE PICKED UP LATER WITH SPECIALLY BUILT APPARATUS!



COME AGAIN... SLOWLY, PLEASE!

IT'S SIMPLE--I WILL PROJECT HIGH FREQUENCY RADIO WAVES, AND PICK THEM UP TONIGHT TO PROVE IT!



I WILL NOW SPEAK...AH--A POEM INTO THE MACHINE--AND TOGETHER WE WILL TUNE IN ON THIS SAME WAVE LENGTH TONIGHT AND PICK IT UP! MARY HAD A....

TCH! TCH! TO THINK THIS SHOULD HAPPEN TO MY BEST PAL!

?



WELL...I'LL PICK YOU UP ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK!

OKAY!

IF THEY DON'T PICK YOU UP FIRST!



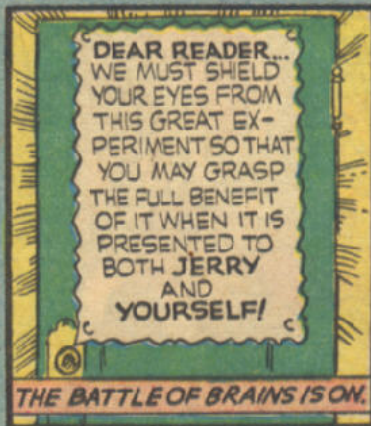
THERE HE GOES.. COME ON--WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

RIGHT!



KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR JERRY--I WANT THIS TO BE A "SURPRISE"!

I WILL!



EVER TALK TO A PAPER CUP?
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

MAKE THESE

PAPERCUP Telephones

LOTS OF FUN!

THEY WORK SWELL!

ALL YOU NEED IS A BALL OF STRONG TWINE...A FEW PIECES OF CARDBOARD...TWO SIX INCH LENGTHS OF MAILING TUBE...AND FOUR ROUND PAPER CUPS. STRETCH THE STRING TIGHTLY AND SPEAK TO YOUR PALS!



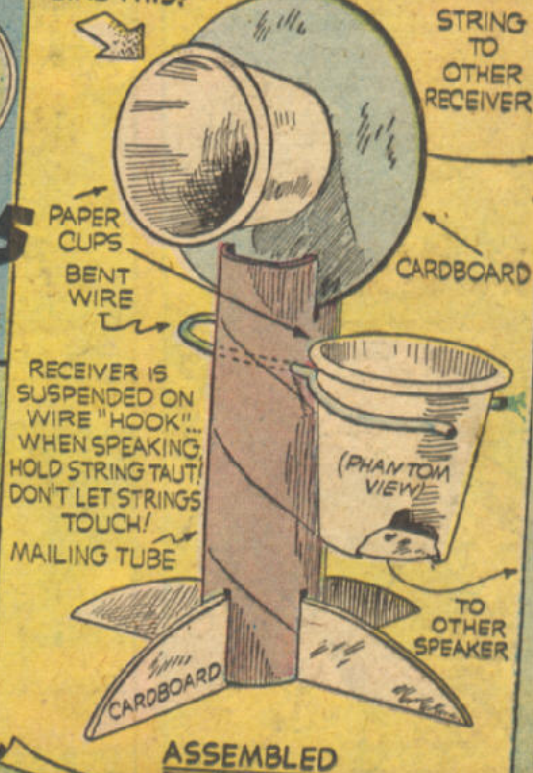
CUT TUBE TO INSERT PIECES... BASE CUT AS SHOWN TO FIT TOGETHER.

INSERT STRING THROUGH PIN-HOLE IN BOTTOM CENTER OF EACH CUP AND KNOT IT..



PIECE THAT HOLDS SPEAKER IS INSERTED INTO TOP SLIT IN TUBE.. CUP INSERTED HALF-WAY...

MAKE TWO LIKE THIS!



STREAM-ENGINEER

RUNAWAY RONSON

THE COLD HANDS OF DEATH REACH OUT FOR THE FIFTH TIME IN THE STEVENS' LUMBER RACE

THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE, A BALDWIN M-1 MOUNTAIN-TYPE LOCOMOTIVE WITH A DRAG OF THIRTY FLAT-CARS THUNDERS INTO THE LOADING JUNCTION OF THE CARTIER AND THE OVERHOLT LUMBER CAMPS.... RIVALS IN THE ANNUAL LUMBER RACE....



NICE PEACEFUL LITTLE PLACE! EVEN A RECEPTION COMMITTEE TO MEET US!



IN THE ENGINE CAB IS "RUNAWAY" RONSON, FAMOUS AS THE RAILROAD'S FASTEST ENGINEER.

HEY, CARTIER.... LOOK AT TH' PRETTY BOY WHO'S GONNA TAKE OVERHOLT'S LUMBER THROUGH!

YEAH! SAY— MAYBE WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM BEFORE TH' RACE! GIVE HIM TH' WORKS, HANK!



HEY, YOU— GET THIS CRATE OUT OF HERE! HOW DO YOU EXPECT US TO FINISH LOADING TH OTHER TRAIN?

ASK SOMEBODY ELSE—NOT ME! NOW, BEAT IT, BUD!



A WISE GUY, EH?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS—BUT I GUESS TWO CAN PLAY IT AS WELL AS ONE!



WHAT TH'—?



SAY—WHO IS THIS GUY?

I'LL FIX HIM...WITH THIS CLUB, BOSS!



CARTIER'S MAN IS ABOUT TO CLUB THE ENGINEER...



WHEN SUDDENLY...THE CRACK OF A RIFLE FILLS THE AIR!



WELL I'LL BE — NICE SHOOTING, MR. --- MR. ---

SHANTY OVERHOLT! FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, YOU MUST BE MY ENGINEER, RUNAWAY, RONSON!



RUNAWAY RONSON—N-ND THE....

YES! NOW GET OFF MY PROPERTY... AND TAKE YOUR TRAMPS WITH YOU!



WELL, SON... YOU'VE HAD A TASTE OF WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST! THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING!

NICE BUNCH OF BOYS!



CARTIER HAS WRECKED MY TRAINS AND KILLED MY MEN FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS! I KNOW IT MYSELF... BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT! IF MY TRAIN CRACKS UP THIS TIME, IT MEANS I'M THROUGH AS A LUMBER MAN!

H-M-M-M—THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN I THOUGHT! WELL, CARTIER IS GOING TO HAVE HIS HANDS FULL IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO DO ANY DIRTY WORK THIS TIME!



THAT NIGHT... AFTER OVERHOLT'S LUMBER HAD BEEN LOADED ON TO THE TRAIN, RUNAWAY HAS GUARDS PLACED ALL AROUND IT.



BUT—IN BETWEEN THE CARS OF CARTIER'S TRAIN.

TOO MANY OF 'EM—THEY'D SEE US!

LISTEN—I GOT AN IDEA!



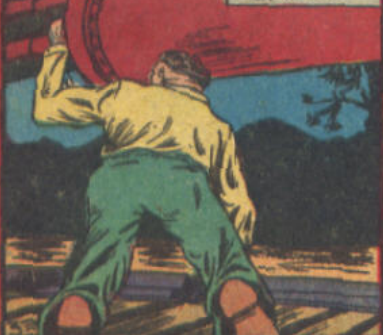
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A RATTLING NOISE ATTRACTS THE GUARD ATOP THE TRAIN.



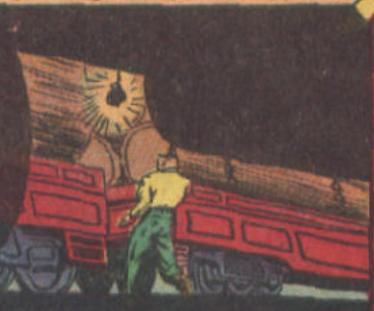
AS THE GUARD TURNS, HANK, CARTIER'S FOREMAN, DARTS TO OVERHOLT'S TRAIN.



HE FINGERS WITH SOMETHING UNDERNEATH A CAR.



...AND LEAVES AGAIN, UNSEEN... UNAWARE THAT A NAIL HAD TORN A PATCH OUT OF HIS TROUSERS!



ALL SET! BOSS, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

C'MON—THE RACE IS AS GOOD AS WON!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, EVERYTHING SEEMING IN PERFECT ORDER, THE TWO TRAINS START OFF ON THEIR RACE TO THE STEVENS MILLS.



WELL, CARTIER—THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE THAT GOLD PLAQUE AND ALL THE PRESTIGE THAT GOES WITH IT... OR I'LL EAT EVERY LOG ON THIS TRAIN!



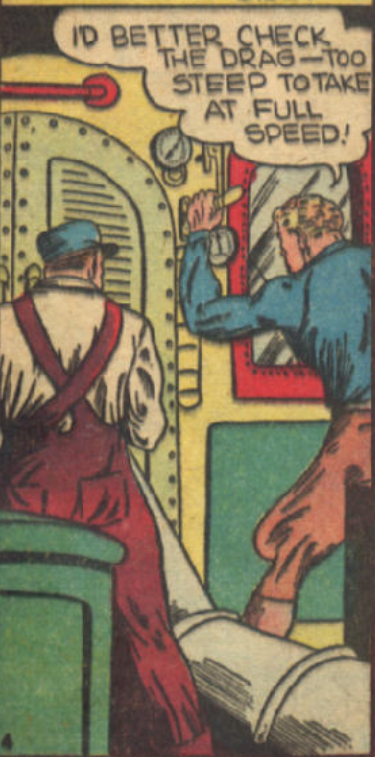
HEH-HEH! LOTS OF LUCK!

RUNAWAY, WITH OVERHOLT'S LOAD WATCHES HIS RIVAL GET STARTED AS CARTIER BIDS HIM "LUCKY"

THE TWO TRAINS THUNDER ALONG THE IRON PIKE.... RUNAWAY FORGING AHEAD WITH EVERY FOOT OF THE DANGEROUS RUN.

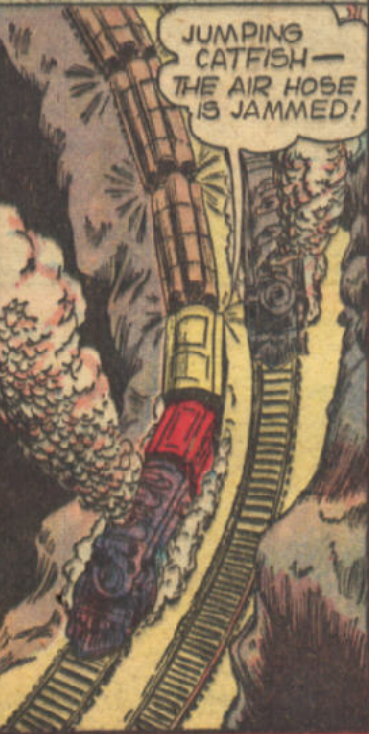


OVER THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE... THEN, THE STEEP WINDING DESCENT ON THE OTHER SIDE!



I'D BETTER CHECK THE DRAG—TOO STEEP TO TAKE AT FULL SPEED!

THE HISS OF AIR-BRAKES SOUNDS FROM THE ENGINE! BUT—ONLY A RATTLE OF CARS BANGING TOGETHER FROM THE DRAG RESULTS!



JUMPING CATFISH—THE AIR HOSE IS JAMMED!

THIS MEANT TIGHTENING HAND-BRAKES ON THIRTY CARS FOR THE BRAKEMEN—AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TASK!



HURRY—OR WE'LL JUMP!

SO THAT RAT, CARTIER,
FIXED THINGS ANYWAY!
BUT NOT WELL ENOUGH
TO FOOL ME! ANDY—SEE
THAT THE BRAKE PRESSURE
STAYS AT FORTY POUNDS—
I'M GOING BACK!

OKAY!



SOMETHING
GONE
WRONG?

NOPE—JUST
A LITTLE
MISCALCULATION
ON YOUR
PART!

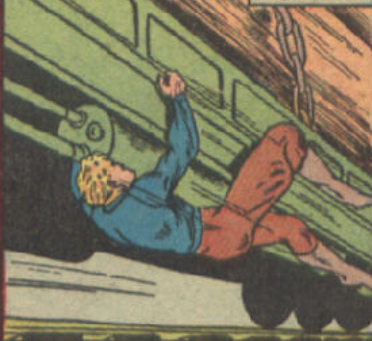


ONE OF CARTIER'S HENCH-
MEN ON THE ADJOINING
TRAIN JIBES AT RUNAWAY.

INSTEAD OF GOING FOR
THE HAND BRAKE, RUNAWAY
SCRAMBLES DOWN THE
MIDDLE OF THE CAR...



... AND HANGING IN MID-AIR,
REACHES UNDER THE FLAT-
CAR.

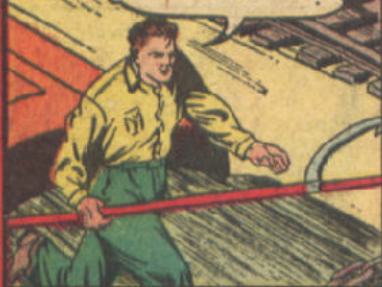


JUST AS I THOUGHT—
THE AUXILIARY-TANK VALVE
IS CLOSED! WELL—WHAT'S
THIS—A PATCH TORN
OUT OF SOMEONE'S
TROUSERS!

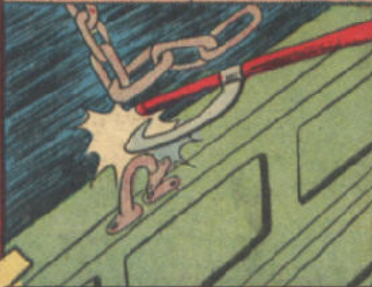


MEANWHILE... ON CARTIER'S
TRAIN...

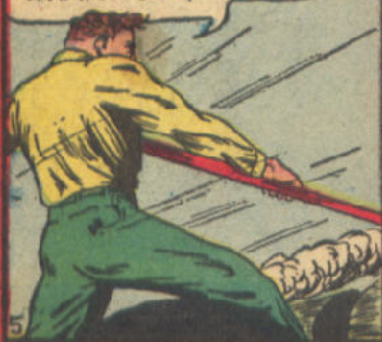
YOU'RE A
SMART GUY, BUD—
TOO SMART!!



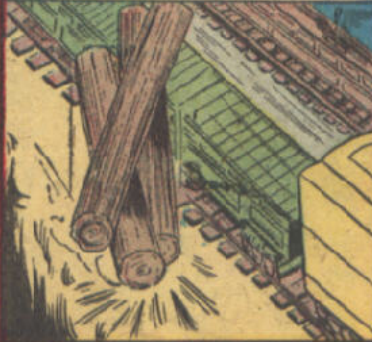
USING A CANT-HOOK, HANK
UNHOOKS THE CHAINS
HOLDING THE TIMBER ON
TO THE FLAT-CAR UNDER
WHICH RUNAWAY IS WORKING



HERE'S TH' LAST CHAIN....
AN' TH' END OF THAT
SMART GUY!



AS RUNAWAY CLOSES THE
VALVE, THE TIMBER STARTS
TO ROLL OFF THE CAR.



THE FALLING TIMBER DOES NO HARM—
BUT, THE SUDDEN SLOWING
DOWN OF OVERHOLT'S TRAIN
CATCHES HANK UNAWARE...
... UNABLE TO GET HIS CANT-
HOOK OUT OF THE CHAIN IN
TIME, HE IS PULLED OVER
ONTO RUNAWAY'S CAR.

AS RUNAWAY CLIMBS OVER THE SIDE OF THE CAR ...

WELL — WE MEET AGAIN! SO YOU'RE THE GUY THAT UNHOOKED THE CHAINS OVER THE TIMBER!

SO WHAT?

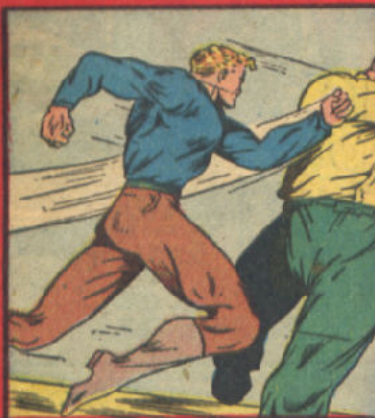


PICKING UP HIS CANT-HOOK, HANK RUSHES SAVAGELY AT RUNAWAY....

NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH!



...ONLY TO BE STOPPED BY CRASHING IRON FISTS!



L-LAY OFF — I-I'VE HAD ENOUGH!



AS HANK DROPS, RUNAWAY SEES HIS TORN TROUSERS!



WELL — I SEE THAT THIS PATCH I FOUND UNDER THE TRAIN MATCHES THE HOLE MADE IN YOUR TROUSERS, PERFECTLY!



KINDA TIES THINGS UP PRETTY WELL, EH, BUD? LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE LAST RACE YOU AND I, CARTIER, WILL FIX!

YEAH! WELL, WE'LL SEE!



LATER — AFTER RUNAWAY HAS WON THE "RACE" —

WE "SAW" ALL RIGHT. THE JURY FOUND HANK GUILTY, AND IT WAS THE LAST OF THE CROOKED LUMBER-TRAIN RACES TO STEVENS MILLS!



A New RUNAWAY RONSON in the NEXT ISSUE

OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

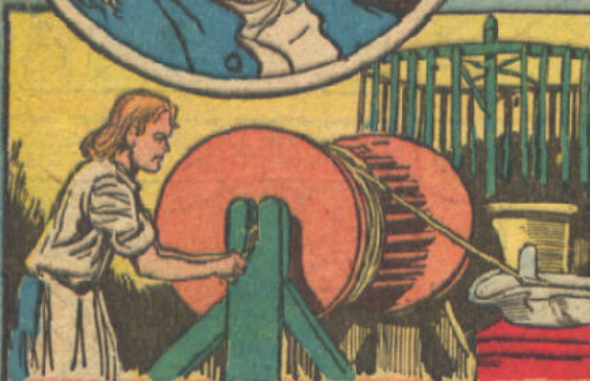
THE RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN ENTERTAINS HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, WITH TALES OF GREAT AMERICAN TRADITIONS AND OF THE MEN WHO MADE THEM.

SOLIDARITY, JOEY-THATS WHAT OUR NATION NEEDS, AND THATS WHAT BEN FRANKLIN MEANT WHEN HE SAID:

WE MUST ALL HANG TOGETHER OR ASSUREDLY WE SHALL ALL HANG SEPARATELY.....



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

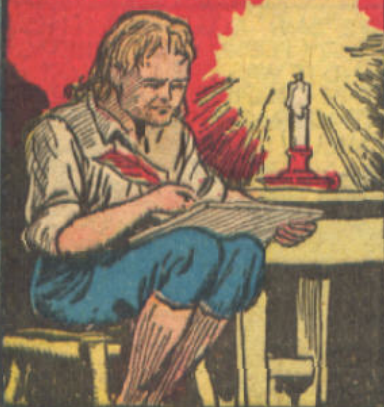


FRANKLIN THE 15TH OF 17 CHILDREN, BEGAN LIFE AS AN APPRENTICE IN HIS FATHER'S TALLOW SHOP.



HE NEXT WENT TO WORK FOR ONE OF HIS ELDER BROTHERS, A PRINTER.

AT NIGHT HE WROTE ARTICLES FOR HIS BROTHER'S PAPER—



WHICH HE SLIPPED UNDER THE SHOP DOOR AND WHICH HIS BROTHER, NOT KNOWING THEIR AUTHORSHIP, PUBLISHED..

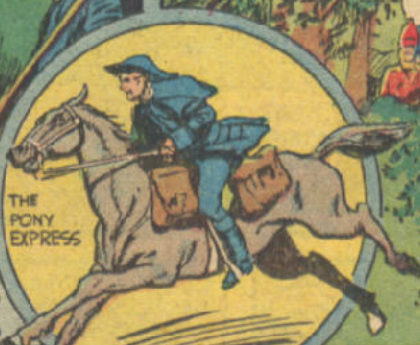


WHEN THE BROTHER DISCOVERED THIS HE REFUSED TO USE BEN'S WORK—BEN, DISGUSTED, RAN AWAY FROM HOME.





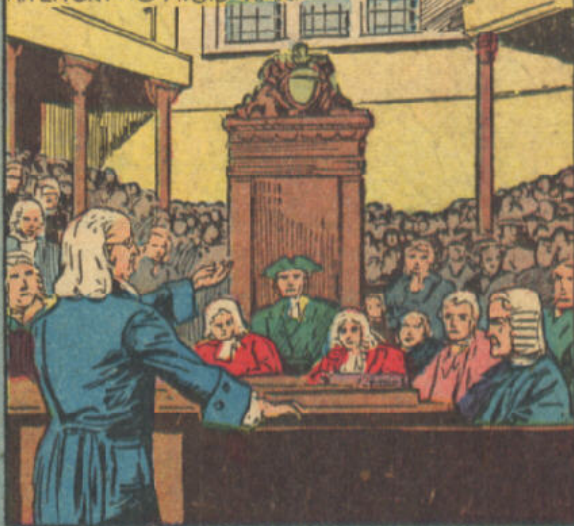
FRANKLIN BECAME RICH AND SUCCESSFUL. HE ENTERED THE PENNSYLVANIA ASSEMBLY AND BECAME POSTMASTER, INTRODUCING THE THEN FAST SERVICE-PONY EXPRESS.



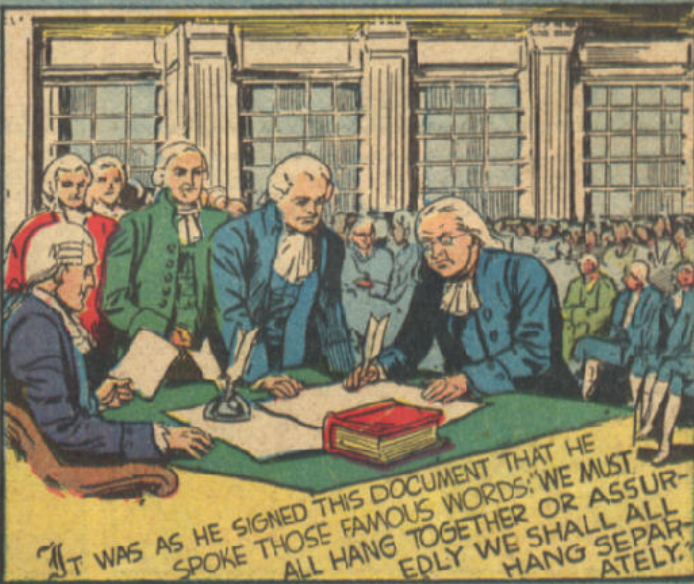
1755 DURING THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR HE PERSONALLY FINANCED THE TRANSPORTATION OF BRADDOCK'S SUPPLIES.



1775 IN 1775 HE PLEADED THE CAUSE OF THE COLONIES BEFORE THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN AN EFFORT TO AVOID WAR.



1776 WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED HE WITH JEFFERSON AND MADISON, WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



IT WAS AS HE SIGNED THIS DOCUMENT THAT HE SPOKE THOSE FAMOUS WORDS: 'WE MUST ALL HANG TOGETHER OR ASSUREDLY WE SHALL SEPARATELY.'

PONY TRACKS

THE PURPLE COW RODEO IS OVER--OUR HEROES FEEL THEY HAVE BEEN DISGRACED...THE JOUSTING BOUT WAS NOT A SUCCESS! THE BOYS ARE NOW TRYING TO GET AWAY!

JASPER! DARLING!

YOO-HOO! CRISCO... HONEY!

WE'RE LEAVIN' THESE PARTS, PRONTO!

by JACK A. WARREN

NOW THAT WE'RE FUGITIVES FROM THE CHUCK HOUSE...NO JOBS AND NO DINERO--JUST WHAT DO WE DO...MR. BIG BRAIN?

I DON'T KNOW!

OUR THIRTY YEARS SAVIN'S GONE! NO SADDLES...NO HORSES...NO DINERO! WE'RE JUST NOTHIN' BUT A COUPLA TRAMPS--AN' I DON'T MEAN SADDLE TRAMPS! IT'S JUST PLUMB MORTIFYIN'...

WHAT ARE YOU SQUAWKIN' 'BOUT? WE STARTED OUT TO SEE TH' WORLD, DIDN'T WE?...I SAY, DIDN'T WE?

WHY I EVER STARTED OUT TO SEE TH' WORLD WITH YOU AS A GUIDE...I DON'T KNOW!

THEM'S TH' DAH-GONEST HIGHEST BUILDIN'S I EVER DID SEE! I FEEL KINDA PENT IN...KINDA SUFFICATIN' LIKE!

GOSH-- I'M SURE HUNGRY!

SOME TIME LATER...

MORE TROUBLE!

DAH-GONE! I'VE GOT IT!--THEM GIRLS NEVER WILL FIND US WHERE WE'RE GOIN'!

THERE'S TH' ANSWER TO ALL OUR TROUBLES!

JOIN THE ARMY

IF MY UNCLE WANTS ME, I'M READY!

AND SEE THE WORLD. WHY NOT NOW? ①

TELL MY UNCLE SAMMY I'M HERE!

WE WANNA JOIN UP!

STEP INSIDE AND SEE THE CAPTAIN!

BUST OFF MY HORNS AND CALL ME MULEY! I WENT IN THERE HALE, HEARTY AND HEALTHY---AND NOW I FIND I'M A SICK MAN!

ARMOR

I'VE JUST EXAMINED THEM! THEY HAVE FLAT FEET--ARE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND, AND WACKY IN THE HEAD!

HEY! WHEN DO WE EAT?

WE WANT TO BUY UNNYFORMS LIKE THEM ARMY MEN WEARS!

ARMY UNIFORMS

YES, SIR!

NOW, PARD..WE IS OUR UNCLE SAMMY'S NEPHEWS! WE'LL WALK RIGHT OVER TO TH' CAVALRY AN' GET OUR HORSES!

I WONDER IF THEY REALLY ARE CAPTAINS?

WHAT TH'--? HOW COME ALL THIS HAT TIPPIN'? HEY, YOU...CAN'T YOU SAY HOWDY LIKE A GENT?

HOWDY... HUH... UH...

SNAP

WHAT'S TH' MATTER WITH THESE HOMBRES? THEY'RE RIGHT UNFRIENDLY! NOT A ONE SAID HOWDY TO US!

MAYBE IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE
WE GOTTA BE INTRODUCED--I'VE HEARD
SOME FOLKS IS KINDA PARTICULAR
THAT-A-WAY!

NAH! I THINK IT'S
BECAUSE THEY AIN'T
SAVVYED WHAT
FINE GENTS WE IS!

SIR, I'M ONLY A PRIVATE
AND KNOW MY PLACE--
THE BOOK OF ARMY
REGULATIONS SAYS...

WHAT DOES
THAT BOOK SAY,
MR. PRIVATE?

I'M GONNA BUST A FEW OF YOU HAIRPINS
'ROUND HERE, IF YA DON'T QUIT TIPPIN' YOUR
HATS TO US!



I SALUTE YOU FIRST,
THEN YOU MUST RETURN
THE SALUTE! THAT IS
SHOWING RESPECT FOR
THE UNIFORM AND
RECOGNIZING YOU AS
MY SUPERIOR!

HE MEANS THEY
TIP THEIR HATS
FIRST... THEN
WE TIPS OURS!



IT'S A LOCO IDEA, BUT I RECKON IT'S
ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE THEY CAN
SEE WE KNOWS HORSES, HUH?

WELL--WE'LL
HUMOR 'EM
FOR A WHILE!



REMEMBER, WE ONLY TIP OUR HATS
WHEN AND AFTER THEY TIP THEIRS!
THAT IS CALLED SALUTIN'!



?

HE DIDN'T TIP
HIS HAT TO
US!



CORPORAL
OF TH' GUARD!!



ARREST THOSE TWO CAPTAINS! THROW THEM
IN THE GUARD HOUSE...TREAT 'EM ROUGH!



HALT!

YOU ARE
UNDER
ARREST!

I HAVE A FEELIN' YOUR
IDEA OF US JOININ' TH'
ARMY IS LIKE ALL TH'
OTHER BRAIN STORMS
YOU GET--NO GOOD!

WHO?
US?



DO THEY ALLOW YOU TO PACK
HEAVY ARTILLERY LIKE YOU
GOT ON!

TSK!
TSK!

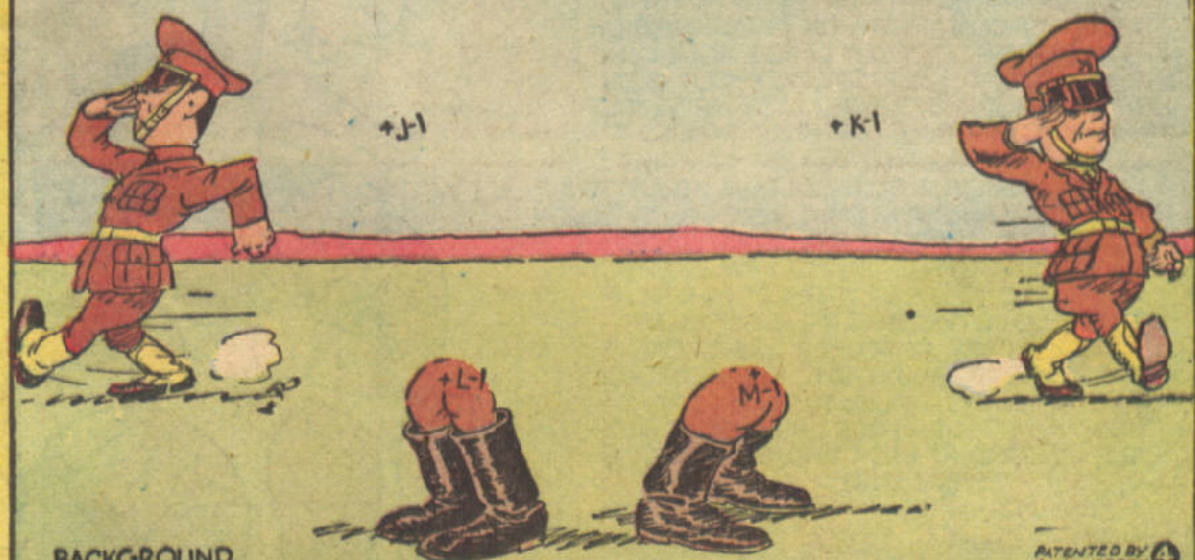


HEY...BE CAREFUL HOW
YOU USE THEM BUTCHER
KNIVES--I MIGHT GET MAD!

SHUT UP, YOU
FAT LUMP! WE IS
IN BAD!



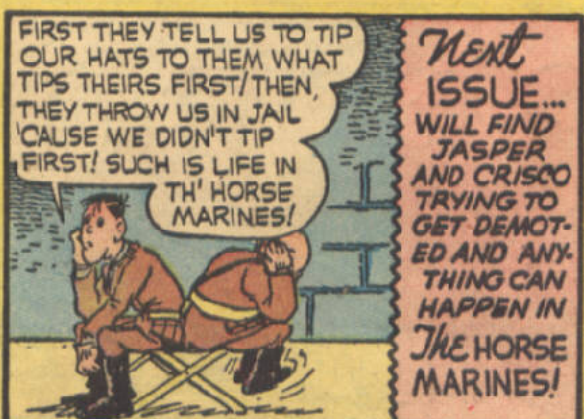
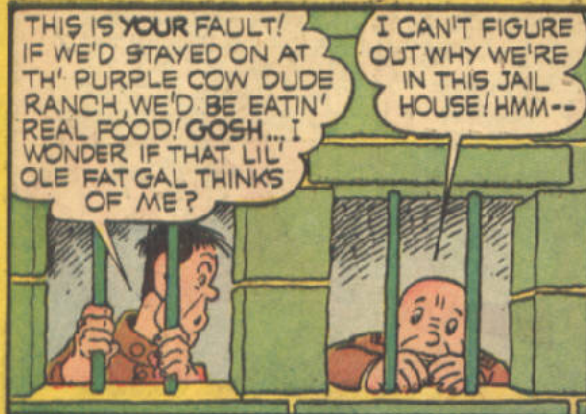
CUT
OUT



BACKGROUND

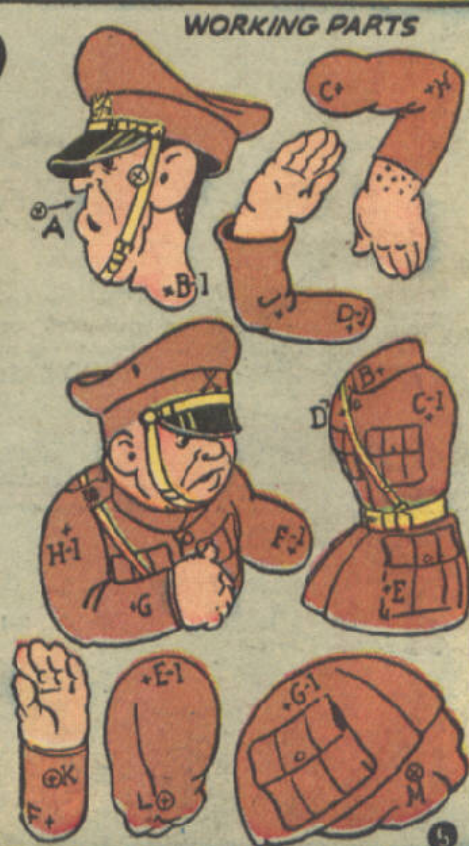
PATENTED BY
A. V. WARREN
NO. 16,177,333

4



JACK A. WARREN'S ANIMATED CARTOON - CUTOUTS

DIRECTIONS....CUT OUT BACKGROUND ON OPPOSITE PAGE, AND THE WORKING PARTS ON THIS PAGE...WITH PASTE OR RUBBER CEMENT, MOUNT THEM ON CARDBOARD OR STIFF PAPER...CUT OUT LARGE HOLE ON BACKGROUND--**DOTTED LINE**-- CUT OUT WORKING PARTS CAREFULLY! TAKE NEEDLE AND THREAD--**DOUBLE**-- KNOT THREAD UP CLOSE AND SEW THROUGH AT POINT A. KNOT THREAD UP CLOSE...LEAVE ABOUT TWO INCH KNOT, AND TRIM OFF...NEXT SEW THROUGH AT POINT B TO POINT B-1...PULL PIECES UP CLOSE, KNOT THREAD, AND TRIM...REPEAT AT POINT C TO C-1... D TO D-1... E TO E-1... F TO F-1... G TO G-1... H TO H-1...NEXT SEW THROUGH PART AT POINT J TO J-1...ON BACKGROUND--NEXT K TO K-1... L TO L-1... AND M TO M-1... PULL THREAD LEFT AT POINT A THROUGH HOLE ON BACKGROUND--TURN THREAD AT BACK, AND SEE THEM **SALUTE!**



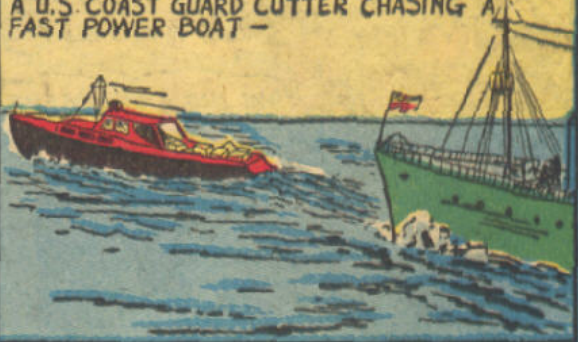
The Phantom Sub

by FOS



WITH THE TOTALITARIAN STATES OF THE WORLD PLOTTING THE RUIN OF ALL THE DEMOCRACIES, THE UNITED STATES IS BEING OVERRUN WITH FOREIGN AGENTS AND SO-CALLED FIFTH COLUMNISTS. ONE FOCAL POINT OF THESE SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES IS THE SOUTHERN COAST OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE WATERS WHICH BORDER THE PANAMA CANAL!

AS THE PHANTOM SUB SPEEDS UP THRU THE WATERS OF THE GULF OF MEXICO IT ENCOUNTERS A U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER CHASING A FAST POWER BOAT -



ABOARD THE SUB

WOW, THAT CUTTER CERTAINLY DOES WANT TO CATCH THAT POWER BOAT!

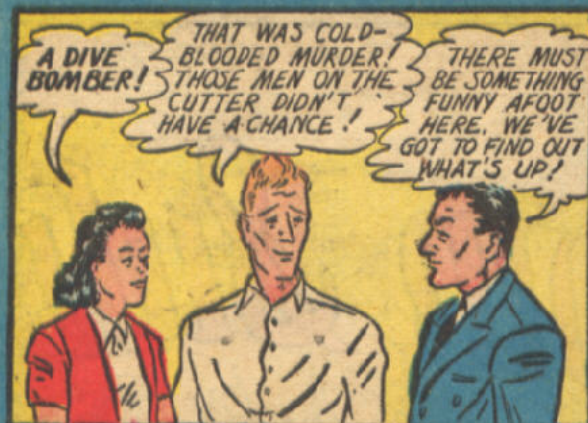
LOOK! THERE IS A PLANE!

IT MUST BE A COAST GUARD PLANE.

NO, IT HAS NO MARKINGS. LOOK, IT'S DIVING RIGHT AT THE CUTTER!

BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES THE UNIDENTIFIED PLANE BOMBS THE COAST GUARD CUTTER!

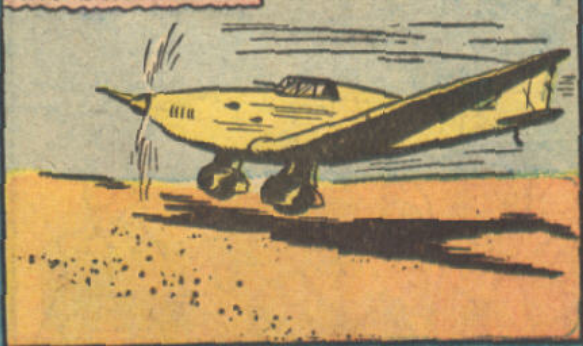




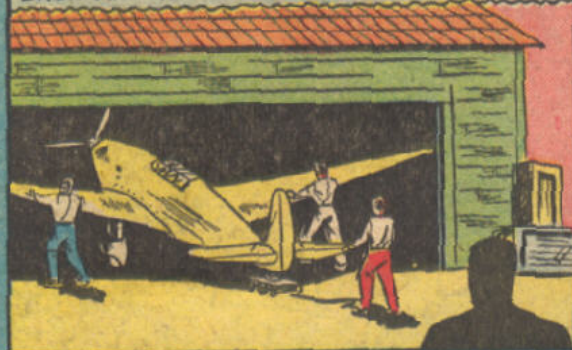
THE OTHER BOATS ARE QUICKLY UNLOADED
AND THEIR CONTENTS TRANSFERRED TO THE
OLD CANNERY --



THEN WITH A ROAR THE DIVE BOMBER
LANDS ON THE BEACH AND TAXIES UP TO
THE BUILDING --



A DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE CANNERY SLIDES
BACK AND THE PLANE IS WHEELED INSIDE --



WE'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHAT'S
GOING ON IN
THAT CANNERY!

WE'LL HAVE TO
GO ASHORE
FOR THAT!

YOU'RE GOING
ASHORE? THEN
I'M GOING
TOO!



BUT YOU CAN'T
ALICIA! IT'S
TOO DANGEROUS!

BUT I'M NOT
AFRAID, I'LL
BE CAREFUL!

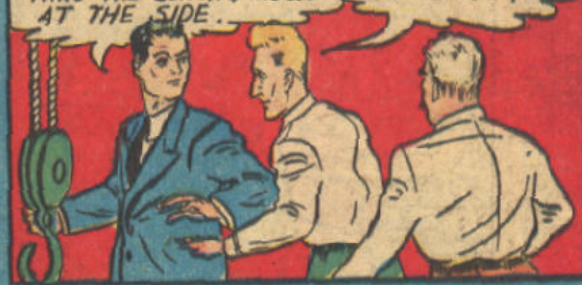
SORRY, AL
BUT IT'S AS
JACK SAYS,
YOU CAN'T GO!



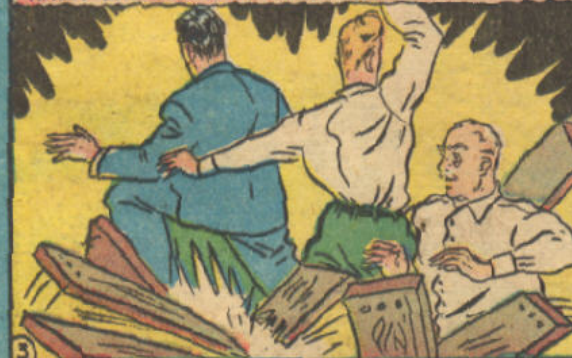
LEAVING THE SUB, THE TRIO CREEPS TOWARD
THE OLD CANNERY --

OUR BEST BET IS TO LOOK
THRU THE SLIDING DOOR
AT THE SIDE.

YEAH, BUT SH-HH
WE'RE GETTING
IN CLOSE!



JUST AS THE THREE REACH THE BUILDING, THE
WALK UNDERNEATH THEM GIVES WAY --



THEY ARE PLUNGED INTO A DEEP HOLE!
IT IS A TRAP!



A SHORT WHILE LATER THE THREE REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND THEMSELVES TIGHTLY BOUND.

WELL, MY INQUISITIVE FRIENDS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OH, WE --

JACK LOOK OVER THERE!



WHY ARE THEY'RE BOMBING PLANES!

YES, AND FIGHTERS TOO. WE BRING THESE PLANES IN HERE PIECEMEAL AND ASSEMBLE THEM FOR A PURPOSE THE U.S. WILL SOON KNOW!



THESE PLANES, WHEN FINISHED, WILL, IN A LIGHTNING ATTACK, DESTROY ALL THE MUNITIONS DEPOTS, AIRPORTS, AND CENTRAL LINES OF COMMUNICATION ALONG THE GULF OF MEXICO! YOU

POOR AMERICANS DO NOT REALIZE HOW WEAK YOUR DEFENSES ARE! WITH ONE QUICK SWOOP WE WILL CONTROL THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER CUTTING YOUR COUNTRY IN TWO!



WHY YOU'RE MAD! YOU COULD NEVER DO THAT!

YOU THINK NOT? WELL ANYWAY YOU WON'T SEE IT, -- IN A SHORT WHILE YOU ARE TO BE TAKEN UP IN A PLANE AND DROPPED FROM SEVERAL THOUSAND FEET INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO!



MEANWHILE: OUTSIDE A DIM FIGURE LISTENS. IT IS ALICIA! SHE HAS FOLLOWED THEM!

WHAT CAN I DO? THEY'LL BE KILLED! I MUST GET BACK TO THE SUB!



WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM. THEY'LL BE MURDERED! OH, HURRY!

CALM DOWN, ALICIA. WE'LL GET THEM OUT OF THERE-- BUT WE NEED STEADY NERVES TO DO IT!

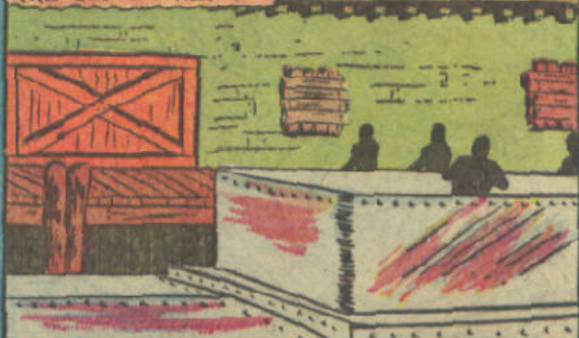


OKAY TED - YOU'RE IN CHARGE, GOT ANY PLANS?

YES, WE'RE OUTNUMBERED SO OUR BEST BET IS A SURPRISE ATTACK. WE'LL SPLIT INTO TWO GROUPS, ONE GROUP STAYS TO MAN THE GUN, THE OTHER GOES ASHORE!

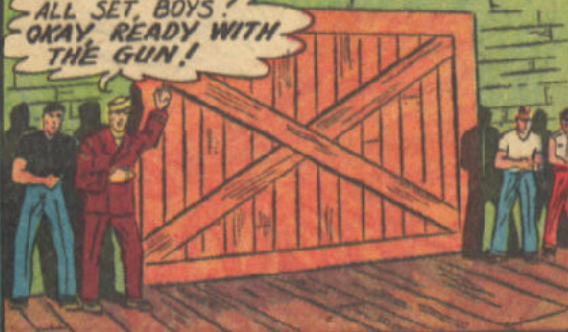


THE PHANTOM SUB IS BROUGHT UP TO THE DOCK AND PART OF THE CREW CREEP TOWARD THE OLD CANNERY -

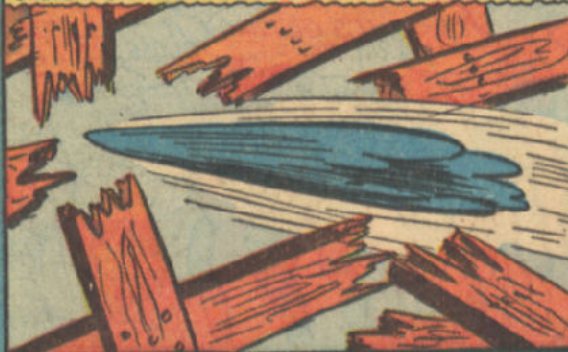


UNDER TED'S DIRECTION, THE CREW ALIGN THEMSELVES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE CANNERY DOOR.

ALL SET, BOYS?
OKAY, READY WITH
THE GUN!



THE TERRIFICALLY COMPRESSED PROJECTILE SMASHES THE HEAVY CANNERY DOOR TO BITS!

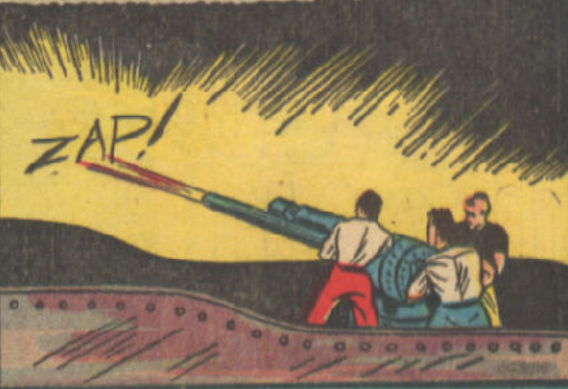


OUT TO THE ATTACK RUSH THE FIFTH-COLUMNISTS

SHOOT THEM
DOWN!



THE WATER-GUN SPEAKS -



WHAT'S THAT?
WE'RE ATTACKED!
OUTSIDE MEN AND
MOP 'EM UP!

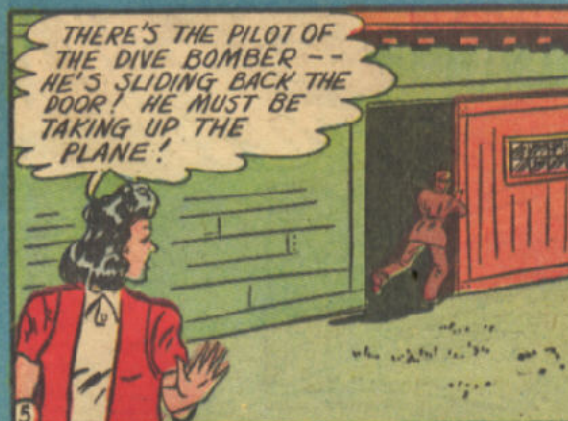
RIGHT!



TO BE SURROUNDED BY THE PHANTOM CREW!



THERE'S THE PILOT OF
THE DIVE BOMBER --
HE'S SLIDING BACK THE
DOOR! HE MUST BE
TAKING UP THE
PLANE!



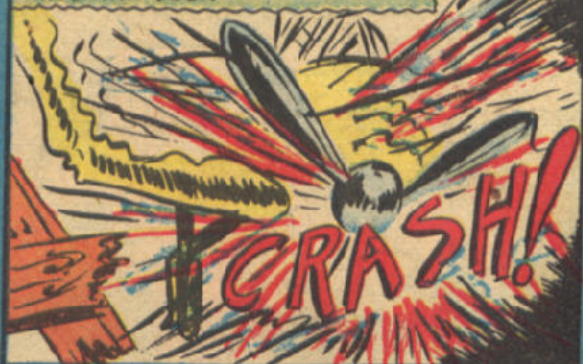
HERE HE COMES!
HE MUSTN'T GET
THAT PLANE UP -- HE'LL
DESTROY THE SUB!
I'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM!



MOVING QUICKLY, ALICIA SLIDES THE WELL-OILED DOOR SHUT IN FRONT OF THE ONRUSHING PLANE.



THE SPEEDING PLANE CRASHES INTO THE DOOR —



BROKEN FUEL LINES SPRAY GASOLINE ONTO THE MOTOR. IT IGNITES! THE GAS TANKS EXPLODE AND SOON THE OLD CANNERY IS A MASS OF FLAMES!



INSIDE THE INFERNO, HELPLESSLY BOUND ARE JACK, SLIM, AND PROFESSOR STARKSON —



WOW IT'S GETTING WARM!

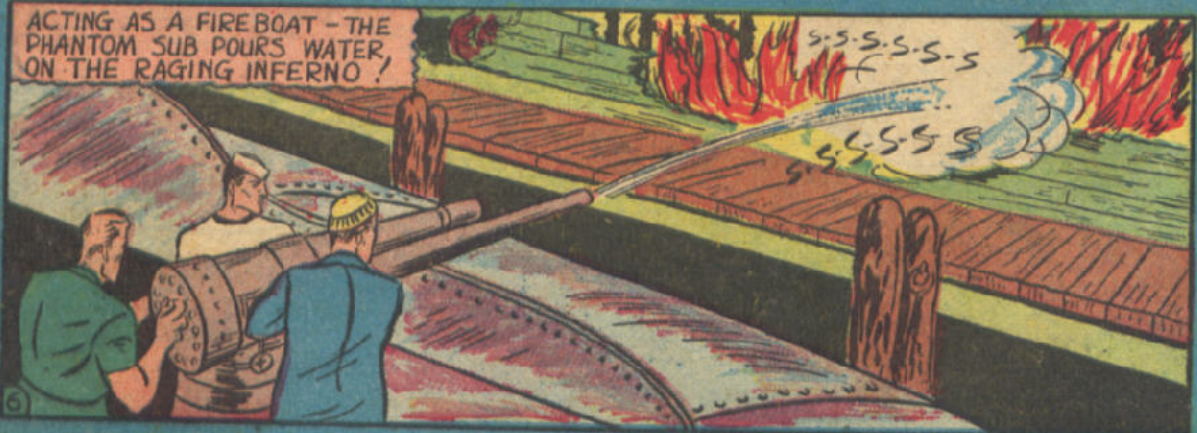
IT IS A LITTLE CLOSE, ISN'T IT?



TED, LOOK! THERE'S JACK, SLIM AND DAD! THEY'LL BE BURNED TO DEATH!

NOBODY COULD GET THRU THOSE FLAMES. WE'VE GOT TO PUT OUT THAT FIRE!

ACTING AS A FIREBOAT — THE PHANTOM SUB POURS WATER ON THE RAGING INFERNO!



MEANWHILE OFF THE COAST -- A COAST GUARD CUTTER IS SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING CUTTER WHICH THE DIVE BOMBER HAD SO RUTHLESSLY BOMBED AND DESTROYED --



WE ARE RIGHT IN THE AREA FROM WHICH THE CHEROKEE WAS LAST HEARD!

YES, ACCORDING TO THEIR LAST REPORT, THEY WERE CHASING A SUSPICIOUS POWER BOAT!



JUST THEN ONE OF THE GUARDSMEN MAKES A STARTLING FIND!

IT'S ONE OF THE CHEROKEE'S LIFE SAVERS!

CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN!



THEN THIS MEANS THAT --?

YES, BUT HOW? A SMALL POWER BOAT COULDN'T SINK THEM. THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON IN THESE WATERS.



SUDDENLY!

AHOY! FIRE ASHORE!



WHAT CAN THAT BE? OH YES, THOSE OLD FISH CANNERIES ARE IN THAT COVE, BUT NO ONE'S BEEN AROUND THERE FOR YEARS.

WE'D BEST INVESTIGATE. HEAD THE SHIP INTO THAT COVE!



"FULL SPEED AHEAD" IS THE ORDER AS THE CUTTER HEADS FOR THE BURNING CANNERIES --



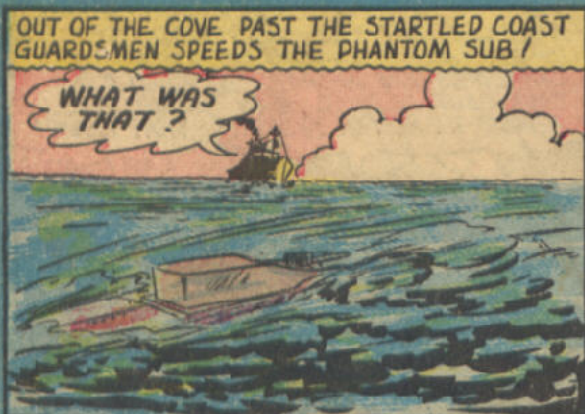
BACK AT THE CANNERIES --

THANKS FELLOWS, YOU PUT THAT OUT JUST IN TIME!

ANOTHER TWO MINUTES AND I'D HAVE BEEN TOASTED!



257 70



ANOTHER
THRILLING ADVENTURE
OF
THE PHANTOM SUB
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF
BLUE BOLT!